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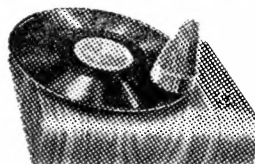
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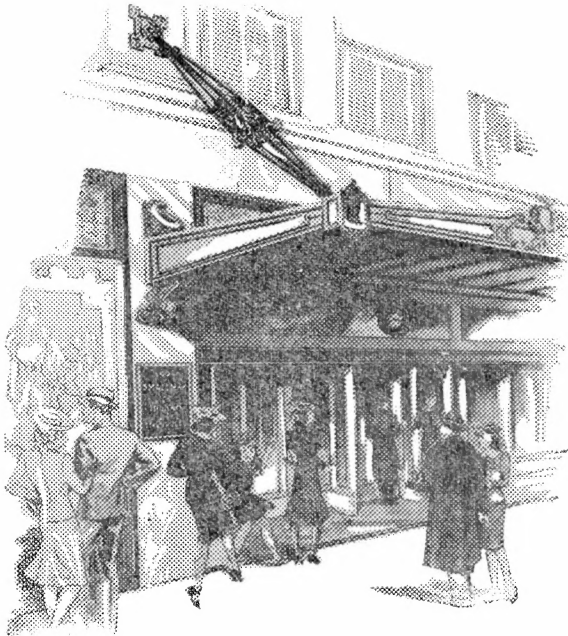
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University College offers thirty-three (33) scholarships at Matriculation and many scholarships and prizes in course.

Substantial Bursaries are granted to able students who have difficulty in bearing the total expense of a university education. Preference is given to applicants from schools not situated in Toronto.

For information on residences, scholarships, entrance, choice of course, and for a free copy of a beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet, write to the Registrar, University College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

For information on courses in Arts, Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Household Science, Education, Forestry, Music, Graduate Studies, Dentistry, Social Science, Nursing, the new Course in Physical and Health Education, the new Honour Course in Geography, the Honour Course in Law, the Course in Commerce, the Honour Courses in Fine Art and in Music, etc., write the registrar of the University. For particulars regarding the Pass Course for Teachers, Evening Classes, Summer Session, Courses in Occupational Therapy, in Physiotherapy, in Aerial Navigation, in Business, and in Radio Technique, write to the Director of University Extension.

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Helen—I couldn't get in my locker, sir.

Hansen—I hope not!

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T(h) ree, t(h) ree, t(h) ree.

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Sgt.-Major Stan C.—"Then shell them, you idiot!"

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Mu. Z—"I dunno, it's my first date with him!"

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The Collegiate

1942

28th
Annual Edition



PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF PRESENT
STUDENTS AND OF FORMER STUDENTS NOW
SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED FORCES

OUR MOTTO: SIC ITER AD ASTRA
OUR COLORS: BLUE AND WHITE

Honour Roll

These boys shall forever hold a cherished spot in the memories of those whom they gave their greatest treasure, life itself, to protect. "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them."

BILL ANDREW; Civilian Technical Corps; reported missing at sea, October 15, 1941.

SGT. GUNNER J. L. BRAKEMAN; reported missing after air operations.

AB. PAUL BROWN; reported lost from H.M.C.S. Saguenay Dec. 9, 1940.

BMBD. WILLIAM F. CARLTON; killed in train accident in England, May 20, 1941.

SGT. PILOT BILL CLARKE; reported missing after air operations

SGT. PILOT JACK HALLAM; reported missing after air operations

SGT. PILOT JACK HARRIS; killed in flying accident near Montreal, April 7, 1941.

AB. HECTOR LEGARRIE; reported lost from H.M.C.S. Saguenay, Dec. 9, 1940.

P/O ELDON LUCAS; reported missing at sea, Jan. 30, 1942.

AB. S. BRUCE POWELL; reported killed in action aboard H. M. C. S. Margaree, Oct. 22, 1940.

GORDON SMITH; reported missing after air operations in Egypt, December, 1941.

CPL. MYLES VOKES; killed in motorcycle accident in London, Ontario, Jan. 9, 1942.

LT. JOHN D. WRIGHT; killed in London air raid, Mar. 8, 1941.

SGT. GUNNER J. D. "BUNT" MURRAY; missing after R.C.A.F. operational flight, April 28, 1942.

P/O FRANCIS HAGERTY; reported missing after air operations.

W. O. ROLAND JAMIESON; lost at sea after special duty in England, Feb. 1942.

ARNOLD SCHILDKNECHT; reported lost at sea from merchant vessel, April, 1941.



THE SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL



THE COLLEGIATE - 1942

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HONOUR ROLL	Page 14
FOREWORD	16
DEDICATION	17
SCHOLARSHIPS	18
TEACHING STAFF	19
MAGAZINE STAFF	20
PRIZE WINNERS	22
SOLDIER SECTION	23
EXCHANGES	25
RUGBY	27
POETRY	32
LITERATURE	35
TRAVEL	40
CORRESPONDENCE	46
MUSIC	50
SCIENCE	55
ALUMNI	58
SNAPSHOTS	60
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES	61
LITERARY ACTIVITIES	63
GIRLS' SPORTS	65
BOYS' SPORTS	68
CADETS	75
MARCH OF GRIME	76
FUN	84
AUTOGRAPHS	87

FOREWORD

THE deciding argument for a 1942 issue of the "COLLEGIATE" was the opportunity it gave to send a real S.C.I. & T.S. greeting to our boys in the armed forces—whether overseas or still in Canada.

The main purpose of this foreword, therefore, is to express to all our former pupils, now members of the navy, the army, or the air force, the warmest greetings from Staff and students, the assurance of our pride in the spirit which led them to enlist and which sustains them in the service they are daily rendering in the cause of freedom and our best wishes for their safe return when victory has been won.

When victory has been won!—Twenty-four hundred years ago, Pericles the Greek, a famous member of the race which in these recent years has rekindled the flame of its ancient glory, spoke these words:

"For those who have a free choice in the matter and whose fortunes are not at stake, war is the greatest of follies. But if the only choice is between submission with loss of independence, and danger with the hope of preserving that independence—in such a case it is he who will not accept the risk that deserves blame, not he who will."

Modern Greece had not forgotten Pericles' words. Realizing full well that submission to the enemy meant loss of independence, she resisted to the death, hopeless though the immediate outcome appeared. Not until every Canadian sees with equal clearness that slavery of body and spirit is the alternative to victory, will Canada contribute her rightful share in the United Nations' effort. The boys to whom this greeting is addressed have set us the example.

—F. C. ASBURY.





Mrs. Minnie Maundrell
to whom we respectfully dedicate this issue of
the "Collegiate"
in appreciation of her untiring efforts
during the past twenty years
as a member of the school's janitorial staff

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



S. E. Stubbs, J. M. Allingham, R. L. Johnston, Mr. F. C. Asbury, Principal.

ON her departmental record of June, 1941, Miss Ruth Johnston was awarded by Victoria College, the Charles Augur Alumni Memorial Scholarship, giving four years' free tuition, and \$300 cash, of total value, \$900; by University of Toronto, the first Edward Blake Scholarship in French and Latin (tied with Miss J. M. Value of Toronto) giving \$105, and allowance \$125 per year on tuition; the first Carter Scholarship for Lambton County, of value \$100.

Miss Jessie M. Allingham, for high

standing in six Upper School papers, was awarded a University of Western Ontario Scholarship, giving free tuition for two years, and \$50 cash, a total of \$300, and a special scholarship, of the Provincial Chapter I.O.D.E. of value \$125.

Samuel E. Stubbs, for superior standing during third and fourth years of Collegiate Course, won the D. M. Grant Scholarship, of value \$50, founded in 1926 by the Sarnia Board of Education.

Ruth won this scholarship in 1939, and Jessie in 1940.

Staff of the S. C. I. & T. S.

1941 - 1942

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THE COLLEGIATE



EDITORIAL BOARD

Front Row—Megan Wynne-Jones, Diane McIntyre, Ferne Wilson.
Back Row—Ted Galpin, Bob Andrew, Sam Stubbs.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank those members of our Business and Editorial Staffs who have recently enlisted in His Majesty's Forces, for their whole-hearted co-operation in bringing this issues of the "Collegiate" to our readers:

Sgt. Ed. Hueston, 48th Battery, R.C.A. Rene Murray, R.C.A.F.
Doug Pole, R.C.A.F. Bill Pearson, R.C.A.F. George Smith, R.C.N.

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Front row—C. Campbell, S. Morrison, R. Crawford, J. Dauphinee, K. Weir, J. Whitnell, M. Jones.

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SOCIAL ACTIVITIES	Mabel Dempsey
GIRLS' SPORTS	Catharine Weir
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TRAVEL	Olivia Tozer
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THE COLLEGIATE



BUSINESS STAFF OF "THE COLLEGIATE"

Front Row: Shirley Baxter, Gertrude Pratt, Winnie Mounce, Leone Kirk, Dorothy Gladwish, Muriel Zink, Ilene Finlay.

Back Row: Archie MacKinlay, Bill Pearson, Mildred Bell, Jean Brown, Don Fraser, Norma Davidson, Lorna Elliott, Ed. Hueston, Rene Murray.



PRIZE WINNERS

After several of our gallant staff members had read and re-read the literary treasures of the more serious part of our magazine, the following were considered as best in their respective divisions:

Poetry: "MEN OF THE EMPIRE"—HAROLD WHITE, 4-C.

Music: "HOW MUSIC AFFECTS US AND WHAT IT MEANS TO US"
—CATHERINE SCOTT, 1-11.

Science: "BAEKELAND AND BAKELITE"—NEIL LUND, 4-A.

Literature: "SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE"—OLIVIA TOZER, 4-B.

Cover: MARY JONES, 3-B.

Our thanks to the honourable judges. Our congratulations to the honourable (?) winners.

WITH OUR SOLDIERS

SAMUEL STUBBS



MISS M. N. BURRISS

Miss M. N. Burriss of the Collegiate teaching staff, has proven a friend to Sarnia's soldiers; witness the many letters to her and to her classes from boys grateful for their help in keeping them in touch with Sarnia.

Bye-the-bye, we should like to answer a certain possible wondering in these boys' minds. It happened that while befriending a group of students a short time ago, Miss Burriss tripped on a piece of paper carelessly left in the path of skaters on the local rink. She fell and broke her arm, and was thus kept, for the while, from continuing her contacts with our boys in uniform.

* * * *

Captain Frank J. Payne, formerly of the teaching staff, and now overseas, sent a delightful Christmas greeting card. On a light background was the R.C.E. crest, flanked by an engineer's instruments. Beneath, there was a pontoon bridge exhibiting the effectiveness of his work. All the boys under Capt. Payne wished to be remembered around the S.C.I.T.S.

* * * *

Dr. J. K. Bell writes, expressing pleasure in the thought of the way that "students of the S.C.I.T.S. are active in furthering Canada's war effort." He says as well:

"It is my solemn hope that everyone at the S.C.I.T.S., in the peace and quiet of Canada, is doing something to help the Allies win the war; we, in the Mother Country, where it is far from quiet, are doing everything possible. We cannot lose."

* * * *

Another former student, Cyril Wareham, enjoys news of Sarnia, and is forward with his reasons.

"Names I know well appear in many clippings and items of the local paper, telling of Sarnians, mostly S.C.I.T.S. pupils of a year back, who are doing their 'bit' in many different branches of the services. It is a treat to us, to read of events and details, of which we were once so much a part."

* * * *

Private J. P. Tobin, of a Canadian corps postal unit, said he would welcome correspondence from the city, replying with information about England. As he assured us, he liked especially the Canadian Observer's "Remembrance Day page," prepared by Miss Burriss.

* * * *

Room 108 has been boasting a number of snappy Valentine greeting cards, sent to Miss Burriss and her classes by former S.C.I.T.S. men, now in service.

THE COLLEGIATE

Now, we should put up a pass in Algebra that you have been reminded of something, if we thought you would bet on those terms. We have been asked often to write a few quires of gossip to those fellows who have volunteered their lives, "tonicking" them in their work. So-o-o-o, why not begin today.

* * * *

We have a letter from A.B. Bill Lindsay, R.C.N.R., who is stationed in Scotland. He has been receiving letters from his friends, and hopes to keep on. He writes further:

"I am fine, and hard as a rock, putting on weight and getting enough to eat, and having a swell time over here. As well, for Christmas we had turkey, fried potatoes, dressing, jello for dessert, but no pudding."

* * * *

Midshipman Donald Rutherford of the Royal Navy, is well and happy, perhaps because of the good food and many "leaves," respectively. He often sees Sarnia boys, among them Howard Cameron and Charles Sadleir. Lt.-Col. Eric Harris, in command of the 26th Battery, invited him to attend a reunion of Sarnia officers, held recently.

* * * *

MARTIAL NOTES

Paul Misener was at home for the holiday.

Bud Date was home a few weeks ago.

Jim Smith was at home recently.

George Andrew was at home for Easter.

P.O. Glen Maynard is in Trenton.

P.O. Jay Johnston was home recently for a 27-day survivors' leave. He was involved in a crash over the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Pete Paton and Bill Higgins are at Moncton, N.B.

Bill Yukish is at Halifax, taking a naval course before being assigned a ship.

Doug. MacKinley, Rene Murray, Bill Pearson, Jack MacMillan, Morris Skosov and "Junior" Parr are on call for the R.C.A.F.

Eddie Hueston has joined an artillery unit where he will be trained as a sergeant.

Neil Dove received his pilot's wings recently.

Johnnie Newton recently joined a London R.C.O.C. unit.

A cable was received on April 14th from P.O. Rudolpho Mendizabal who was then in Calcutta, India.

* * * *

ON ACTIVE SERVICE — ALUMNI OF 1941

Ernie Banks	Army	James McKegney	Army
William Cameron	R.C.A.F.	John Evers	Army
Ross Clarke	R.C.A.F.	Tom Graham	R.C.A.F.
Ken Needham	R.C.A.F.	Fred Seager	R.C.A.F.
Jack Oliver	R.C.A.F.	Andrew Sima	R.C.A.F.
Douglas Tesky	R.C.A.F.	Arnold Skelton	Navy
Lionel McClintock	R.C.A.F.	Russell Walker	R.C.A.F.
Bill Whitely	Navy	Bill Yukish	Navy
Glenn Maynard	R.C.A.F.	John Newton	Army
Eddie Hueston	R.C.A.	Stew Carson	R.C.A.



EDITOR—JOAN DAUPHINEE

Particularly striking was the humour of the "O.A.C. REVIEW," Guelph. All together, your magazine seems to be a collection of nonsense, news, and some attendant good effort. We could suggest a larger literary section.

* * * *

Hats off to the "B.C.S." of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.! We liked especially the attention given your former student-soldiers. Perhaps your magazine could stand a little more humour, as such.

* * * *

We can praise the set-up of "COLLEGE TIMES," of Upper Canada College, Toronto. Assure O. S. W. that we enjoyed the article, "On Doing Homework Correctly."

* * * *

The "REVIEW," of Trinity and St. Hilda's Colleges, Toronto, boasted a strong selection of poems which seemed to jut out all over the magazine. Why not try a greater variety of sections?

* * * *

We found plenty of pep running rampant in the "GAZETTE", of Dalhousie College, Halifax. In our opinion, your best feature was the "Dipo," the student's questionnaire.

* * * *

"THE ALIBI," Belleville.—We like the way your magazine is bound. The "School Events" section is especially interesting.

* * * *

"THE ELEVATOR," Belleville.—Literary section contains some very clever articles and the humour section is the largest we have seen.

* * * *

"WESTWOOD HO!" Toronto.—Literary section has some splendid articles and your humour section is outstanding.

* * * *

"ACTA LUDI," Toronto.—Complete and nicely arranged magazine. We like the photograph of your school on the cover.

* * * *

"HERMES," Toronto.—Photography and art are excellent. However, a few more jokes would improve your magazine.

THE COLLEGIATE

"THE BLUE AND WHITE," Walkerville.—Well organized magazine with fine literary and sports sections. Why not have an exchange section?

* * * *

"THE ECHOES," Peterborough.—Well-illustrated magazine. Your literary section is very attractive, owing to the illustrating of the articles.

* * * *

"ACATIC," Calgary.—Literary section is good and section headings smart and original.

* * * *

"VANTECH," Vancouver.—Colourful cover and exceptional linoleum cuts. The section headings are both striking and humorous.

* * * *

"WOLF HOWL," Sudbury.—Magazine is arranged nicely but lacks art and colour.

* * * *

"ACTA COLLEGII," Chatham.—Superb candid camera section. Grade news section is good but why not make your headings more interesting?



CULLED FROM "EXCHANGES"

Feudal Lord: "I hear you misbehaved while I was away, son."
Knight: "In what manor, sir?"—The Alibi, Belleville.

* * * *

When a fella breaks a date, he usually has to.
When a girl breaks a date, she usually has two.—Acta Colegii, Chatham.

* * * *

Love making is the same as it used to be in the old days. My Latin book says that the girl sat and listened to the lyre for hours.—Acatec, Calgary.

* * * *

Slipping ice—pretty thin—pretty girl—tumbled in. Boy on bank—heard the shout—jumped right in—pulled her out. Now they're friends—pretty nice—but first she had—to break the ice.—The Echoes, Peterborough.

* * * *

FROG IN HIS THROAT

Dr. Ora called his class to order shortly after the lunch hour.
"Our special work this afternoon," he said, "will be cutting up and inspecting the inner workings of the frog. I have a frog here in my pocket to be used as a specimen."
He reached in his pocket and pulled out a paper sack, shook its contents on the table and out rolled a nice-looking ham sandwich. The professor looked at it, perplexed, scratched his head and muttered: "That's funny! I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

* * * *

It's better to have the Big Bad Wolf at the front door than an Itsy Bittsy Bear Behind.



Hail Champy

THIS section of the magazine has been set aside to honour our Junior and Senior W. O. S. S. A. rugby chamionship teams. It is fitting that the whole student body should appreciate the prestige won by our school through its rugby teams last year.

LEO MACLEAN—"Red" was the best punter ever seen in Wossa rugby circles and his passing and running was superb.

BILL MILLER—"The Rock" has played senior and junior rugby for the school. His dare-devil plunging softened many opposing lines last fall. He is working now.

DOUG. POLE — In his last year at the school. Place kicking and plunging are his favourite pastimes. He was captain of the team.

HARRY PARR—"Potsy" was the most popular player on the team. His stellar blocking gained many yards. This is his last year too. His place-kick in Central-Sarnia game was the best seen last fall.

MAURY COTE—"Mouse" was the quarterback. He was a smart signal caller and hard to tackle as Brantford will tell you.

BRUCE MATTINGLEY—To most observers he was the best player on the team. A valuable man to have in the centre of any line. "Matt" was first and always a "team" player.

DICK KIRBY—"Mabel" was an inside this year and played a bang-up game from that position. He will be gone next year too.

BOB ZINK—His 185 lbs. added much weight to the centre of the line. Bob is out of school now but the team will long remember him.

DOUG. MACKINLAY—"Knobby" was one of the two "Docs" on the squad. He played hard rugby until a broken arm forced him out late in the season. A really husky boy who tried all the time.

DON HAMILTON—"Nose" was another "team-player" to the fullest extent. He tried all the time and was one of the most aggressive linemen.

IAN RUTHERFORD — "Paunchy" had a tough time playing in London, but otherwise was a first-class outside wing. A deadly down-field tackler.

LIONEL MCCLINTOCK—"Maj" was the "shoe-string" man of the team. His tackles were usually grass clippers. He is now in the R.C.A.F. and we all wish him luck.

HAROLD HENRY — "Hop" had, and has yet, the best pair of hands on the team for catching passes. He played flying wing.

JACK SUHLER — "Red" played quarterback this year and did a good job despite inexperience.

STAN. CAMPBELL — He was the team's speed merchant and broke away for several good runs last fall. He was a half-back.

BOB WILCOX—It was his misfortune to understudy the versatile "Matt" at centre. Bob played heads-up ball all the time he was in the game.

CLAIRE SUTTON—Claire was a top-notch lineman and closely rivalled the regular insides for starting assignments. He will be back next year.

AL. MACDONALD—One of the biggest players on the team, his weight was felt many times by opponents' front lines. He is working in Sarnia now.

BILL PEARSON—"Perky" was an outstanding outside wing who contributed much to the team's success.

MURRAY PASSMORE—Murray was bothered by a trick knee all season and did not see much action.

LAUGHLIN MACLEAN — "Lock" was a newcomer to Wossa rugby last fall, but showed plenty of grit and spirit.

ALAN PELL—"Al" was also new to school rugby, but helped out no end in scrimmages on the campus.

GEORGE SMITH—His 175 lbs. of bone and brawn would have been useful to any rugby team, without such players like MacKinlay, Kirby and Sutton.

EDWARD GREER—"Ed" was a lineman of decided ability but was not given much of a chance to show it.

LES MCCRAE—Les was one of the most underestimated players on the squad, as the first string players will tell you, from his ruggedness in the scrimmages.

RALPH ELLIOTT—Ralph was troubled with a bad nose early in the season. He was a 165-lb. inside wing.

COACHES—Mr. William Rogin and Mr. Clifford Parsons, better known to the players as "Moose" and "Cuffy" — without their patience and guidance the team would not have gone so far.

TRAINER—Neil "Clubber" Dickson was the team's trainer and No. one rooter. The boys certainly appreciated his efforts.



SENIOR RUGBY

Friday, Oct. 19, 1941—Sarnia 45; Chatham 0. The local W. O. S. S. A. contenders opened their season with a convincing 45-0 victory over the Chatham Collegiate Seniors. Doug. Pole, Rock Miller, Leo MacLean were the standouts of the game. Pole garnered four touchdowns and a field goal.

Thursday, Oct. 16, 1941—Sarnia 19; Chatham 1. The blue and white squad once more swamped the spirited Chatham boys. "Rodney" Miller was the standout.

Friday, Oct. 25—Sarnia 12; London 5. Pete O'Neil gave Central the lead with a first quarter touchdown. However, from then on "Mouse" Cote, "Potsy" Parr and "Rock" Miller took the spotlight. The feature of the game was the hard charging line which smothered every Central thrust from the first quarter on.

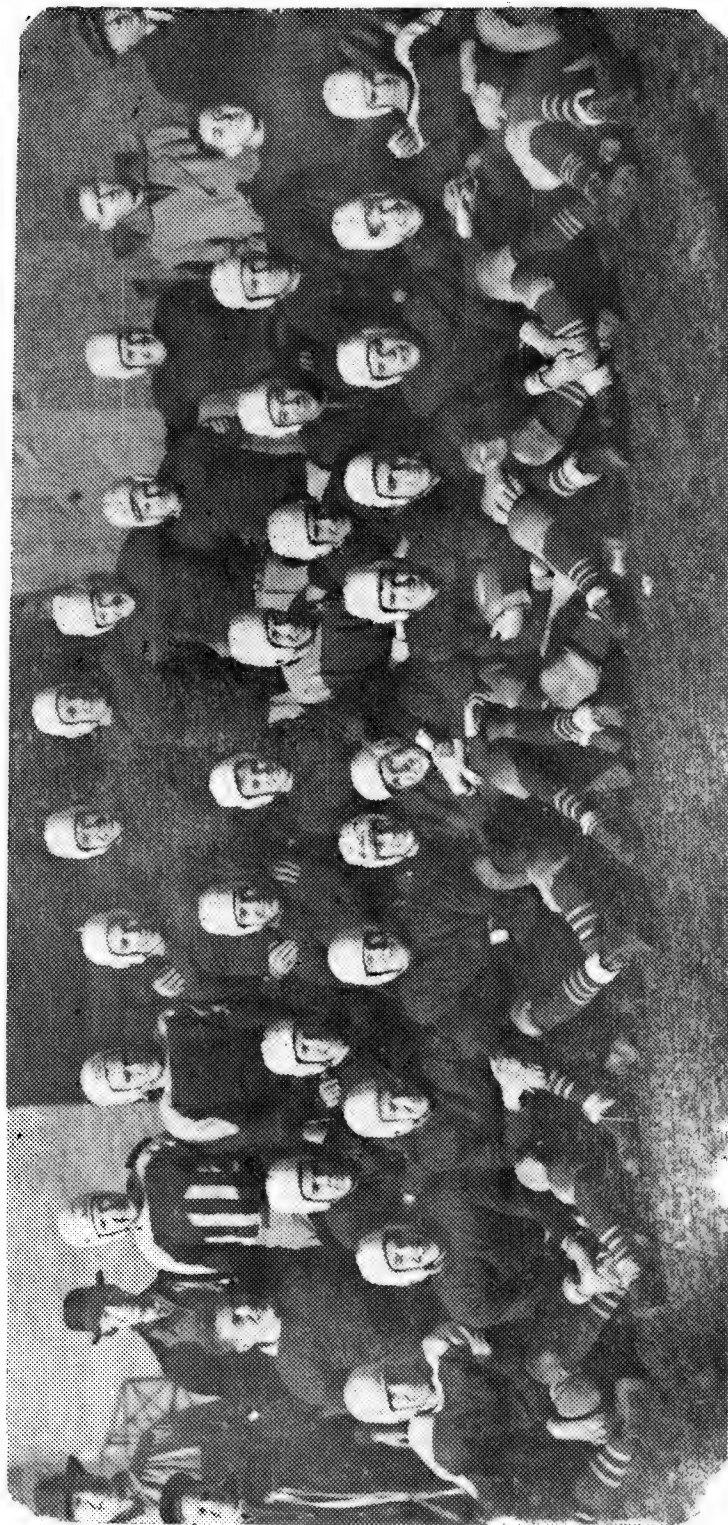
Saturday, Nov. 8—Sarnia 18; London 9. London Central came to Sarnia this afternoon confident of victory. The tables were decidedly turned however and

the powerful S. C. I. squad romped to an 18-0 victory over the "pale" Golden Ghosts. Mattingley's work in this game was brilliant. His blocking coupled with "Potsy" Parr made our line unbreakable.

Friday, Oct. 31—Port Huron 1; Sarnia 0. The feature of this game was the decision of the referees to give Port Huron a touchdown. According to the American ruling only one point should have been allowed. The Seniors dropped this slow game 1-0 after the referee's mistake was corrected.

Saturday, Nov. 14—Sarnia 7; Brantford 5. Rated as a dark horse, the W. O. S. S. A. entry from Brantford almost upset the local twelve in a hard-fought game. "Potsy" Parr nonchalantly hoofed the winning field goal with three minutes left of play to give our boys the edge 7-5. Quackanbush starred for Brantford.

Saturday, Nov. 21—Sarnia 7; Brantford 4. Coaches Rogin and Parsons chose to kick at every opportunity, taking



SENIOR W.O.S.A. CHAMPS, 1941

THE COLLEGIATE

advantage of the high wind. Leo MacLean's big toe was a decisive factor of the victory, along with Doug. Pole's field-goal kicking. Rock Miller's plunging and Ian Rutherford's tackling were features of the game. The final score was 7-4 for Sarnia. Although they won the game the seniors lost two husky linemen when Claire Sutton and Doug. MacKinlay broke their arms.

Saturday, Dec. 6—Sarnia 9; Windsor 2. To-day the S. C. I. seniors tackled the much publicized Windsor Patterson team in a sudden death game at the Athletic

Park, for the W. O. S. S. A. title. The local line, Don Hamilton, Dick Kirby, Bruce Mattingley and "Potsy" Parr smashed the Windsor plays before they got going. The Pole-Parr-MacLean-Miller half-line worked for consistent gains. A first quarter touchdown by Bruce Mattingley on a Windsor fumble was what actually won the game for Sarnia. "Maury" Cote's smart quarterbacking was a highlight which gave the seniors the coveted W. O. S. S. A. title with a 9-2 victory.

* * * *

JUNIOR RUGBY

Friday, Oct. 10 —Sarnia 1; London South 1. The fact that rain fell throughout the game accounts for the tie score of 1-1. Captain Walt Nicholls kicked Sarnia's lone point.

Thursday, Oct. 16—Sarnia 28; London Tech. 0. London Tech invaded the Athletic Park only to be defeated 28-0 by a powerful junior team. Touchdowns were shared by Nicholls, Chris Adams and Doug Cook.

Tuesday, Nov. 4—Sarnia 22; London South 7. In their return game with London South, Gord Patterson's Juniors easily outplayed the team from London. Hard hitting Chris Adams and speedy Walt Nicholls accounted for two touchdowns each.

Woodstock at Sarnia — Sarnia 53; Woodstock 5. Although Woodstock was a big team, it proved no match for the classy juniors. Led by such stars as Walt Nicholls, Chris. Adams, Dave Kilbreath and Leo Gladly, the Blue and White boys piled up a 53-5 score.

Sarnia at Woodstock — Sarnia 40; Woodstock 0. The Sarnia Collegiate clinched the Junior W.O.S.S.A. title with a resounding 40-0 victory over the Woodstock youngsters.

PERSONEL OF THE 1941 JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Halves—D. Cook, W. Nicholls, C. Adams.

Flying Wing—R. R. Galpin

Quarterback—D. Kilbreath

Centre—L. Gladly

Insides—A. Millholland, J. Rosenbloom

Middles—J. Wellington, P. Ferguson

Outsides—J. Leckie, D. Finlay

Alternates—H. Arblaster, A. Bayduk, D. McCrae, N. Dietz, B. Massey, J. Gladwish, H. Weston, T. Berry, H. Hall, B. Hoover, L. Gould, B. Manijhn

Trainer—B. Ehman.





JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. CHAMPS, 1941



EDITOR—NORA BELL

MEN OF THE EMPIRE

Men of the Empire, you are brothers all;
Men of the Empire, answer to the call;
Let your voices mingle, lift your heads and sing,
God save dear old Britain and God save Britain's King.

Men of the Empire, your fathers fought and died
That you might stand, a noble band in honour and in pride.
That you might do the thing you will, and strike with arm of might
For justice and for freedom's sake, for country, king and right.

Men of the Empire, from little isles they came
To spread abroad in every land the magic of their fame;
They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might see
The fair, free lands of Britain arise in every sea.

Men of the Empire, clasp hands across the main
And glory in your brotherhood again and yet again,
Uphold your noble heritage—oh, never let it fall—
And love the land that bore you, but the Empire best of all.

HAROLD WHITE, 4-C.

A STUDENT'S PLACE IN WAR

Our country asks but little
From its boys and girls so strong,
In this fight for final victory
Over forces vile and wrong:
As our soldier boy or airman
Into foreign cities tramps,
This plea is thrown behind him,
"Help us out, dear friends, Buy
Stamps!"

When next you push a quarter
To the cashier in a show,
Remember that in London
There's nowhere left to go.
When next you are complaining
Of painful stomach cramps,
Remember that *that* candy
Could have helped you to "Buy
Stamps."

There are people brave in England
 Who are suffering from the Blitz,
 They count on us to help them
 In their drive against the Fritz;
 Remember these poor people—
 Keep bright their glowing lamps,
 With nickles, dimes and quarters
 You have saved up to "Buy Stamps."

As the sailor leaves his port
 On his errand o'er the sea,
 He is risking life itself
 To guard safely you and me.
 Surely we can help him keep
 Depth charges in his ramps,
 The only way to do this
 Is to keep on "Buying Stamps."
 ROBT. B. ANDREW, 5-A.

"TRILLIA TRIVIA"

TO ONTARIO'S FLORAL EMBLEM

Sweetly now the early birds are trilling in the rain,
 And all my hidden Pannic thoughts come welling up again;
 Trilliums in the wild woods, and Trilliums on the leas,
 Trilliums in the shady dells, and Trilliums 'neath the trees.

Swiftly with the break of day there comes a tiny flutter,
 And bustling through the budding trees there spreads a fairy mutter
 Trillia are coming up, and through the ferns they peep,
 The Trillia awakening from their long cold winter sleep.

White ones, and red ones, they're springing up galore—
 Blooming in the springtime as they've always done before.
 Ah! That they may always grow, and plant their fairy rings:
 Trillium grandiflorum come! when Primavera sings.

TED GALPIN, 5-B.

THE BURIAL

Down the hill in a woeful line
 The pall-bearers slowly marched along,
 They were only children at the time
 And they did not know the right from
 wrong.

At the head of the line the biggest lad
 strode
 A shovel he carried under his arm,
 The rest all bore their cumbersome load,
 You could see they surely meant no harm.

Down on the beach the company stopped
 And slowly laid their burden down.
 The leader his shovel quickly dropped
 And dug a hole quite small and round.

The burden they lowered into the earth,
 And each one wiped his dampened brow;
 No prayer was said—they expressed mirth
 To see the burial completed now.

What had they buried, this little band,
 Was it a plague that caused this grief?
 Was there no adult to lend a hand
 And on this grave plant flower or leaf?

The question soon received reply
 For the boy who had the shovel carried
 Gave answer, whose truth we can't deny,
 "Hurrah!" he said, "the garbage 's bur-
 ied."

G. CRUICKSHANK, 4-B.

THE COLLEGIATE

THE STUDENT'S WORRY

I saw but one fair child today,
 She looked far out to sea,
 Her gaze was strange and frightened too,
 I wondered who she'd be.

Why did she stare and stare like that?
 What thoughts were in her mind?
 Should I disturb her to enquire?
 Should I but make some sign?

But of my presence, she knew not,
 I saw that at a glance,
 I also saw and realized
 The child was in a trance.

What burden lay upon her mind,
 Some near one all but dead?
 Thus, think her alone and sad,
 I went and bravely said:

"My dear child, what troubles you?
 Some sadness, deep, profound?
 Some problem, you cannot work out?"
 (From that, appeared a frown.)

"Is it a near one left this life?
 Is it the fate of nations?"
 But turning, she dolefully replied
 "No, sir . . . examinations!"

CATHRINE CAMPBELL, 5-B.

IN FREEDOM'S NAME

Our England is a country
 Of which we all are proud,
 She battles for our freedom,
 And fights the threatening cloud
 Of hateful Nazi tyranny,
 That fills our hearts with dread
 To save us from it, soldiers
 Their precious blood have shed.
 We know the fate of Dunkirk,
 The danger at Singapore,,
 Where soldiers fight in freedom's name
 As in gallant days of yore.
 To help our Mother Country
 We must keep faith, and hope,
 For even the youngest citizen
 Is a very vital spoke
 In the turning wheel of passing years,
 He, too, can do his part
 And buy a stamp, or knit a stitch
 And pray with all his heart.

DORIS JARVIS, Form 3-A

MYSELF !

I think I'm good, I think I'm grand When I go to the show I hold my hand. I put
 my arm around my waist. If I get fresh I slap my face. Every night I make a date to
 meet myself somewhere at eight. I always wait if I am late. I'm nuts about myself.

LOUIS BLANC MANGE

LITERATURE



EDITORS—NORA BELL, SHIRLEY MORRISON

SEPTEMBER NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

IT was the most beautiful summer in England for many years. The fields and woods were covered with brilliant greens, the marigolds and Michaelmas daisies made the gardens colourful; nature seemed to be putting on her best array. It did not seem possible that horror and destruction could harm the peaceful paradise.

Many people in England listened with unbelieving ears to the wireless, that daily, even hourly blared forth the news of Chamberlain's last attempt to bring peace to a troubled world. These people could not see the beauty all about them, because it was September nineteen thirty-nine—a year in which destiny had brought the world to the brink of destruction.

I shall never forget the declaration of war on that sunny Sunday. The sun was shining on the well kept lawns of the school, and the roses were climbing in the window of our headmistress' study, when we heard Chamberlain's voice, tired and sad, telling us that Germany's ultimatum had expired.

There were not many of us gathered there, because the term had not started, and we had come back because our parents thought it would be safer at school. I had been sent back as our house was going to receive seven evacuees, and my mother thought they might have scarlet fever.

As we sat around on the study floor we

could not believe that this had really happened—that we were at war. However at first life went on the same, we swam in the school pool, bicycled into Hitchin (always carrying our gas-masks with us) and helped collect the potatoes because the men had been called up.

That summer was one of the hottest in ten years, and as we sat around in the shade of the lilac bushes by the pool, we tried to imagine how the world had changed. The rose garden was a mass of white, yellow and pink, and looking at it we could not believe that men were being killed, countries overrun, and merchant ships sunk.

All over England I think there was the same feeling of utter incredulity, that this could not be happening. The housewives were busy with blacking out the windows of their homes (that was no small job I can assure you), the younger men were joining up and the older men becoming volunteer firemen and Air Raid Wardens, but nearly everyone shared this feeling.

However these same people showed their spirit later on, and if they had laughed at the air raid wardens in nineteen-thirty-nine, the next year they blessed them, and forgot to grumble over the minor discomforts of life. Thus did the spirit of the British people change from the lethargy of that summer to the indomitable will of a people to win.

OLIVIA TOZER, 4B

THE COLLEGIATE

DAILY THEY SERVE

WHAT do we in Canada know about the war? A little less than nothing. We think that we are doing a famous deed when we knit a pair of "socks" or buy a War Saving Stamp. True, every little bit helps, but when compared to the tasks Britishers are doing every day and thinking nothing of it, our greatest sacrifice is as a drop of rain beside the puddle.

After one has seen eighty-four years march past full of toil and labour, surely one is entitled to spending the rest of one's life in peace. Not so! We have record of a staunch old English woman of eighty-four who is a fire-watcher. It is her task to watch the eight houses remaining on the block three nights a week and report any fire which might spring up. What do you think of that for courage and spirit?

Then there is the story about the fire warden trying to catch one of Jerry's new pets—a delayed-action bomb that hops about. This worthy gentleman, armed

with a sand-bag, started in pursuit of the hopping death. The faster he went, the faster it went. It seemed possessed of a will and spirit of its own. Suddenly, just as he was about to fling the bag upon it, it turned viciously and started after him. It was a mad race; back and forth—around and around. But the Englishman caught it—he would never be beaten by any German bomb, no matter how many devils it was possessed of.

And just such things are happening every day. But are the people downhearted and out of spirits? Never! Their motto is "Go to bed hopeful; wake up thankful." One housekeeper of some flats in London was knitting on her ground floor when a bomb fell into the street. She found herself quite unhurt but her knitting had gone upstairs to the first floor. "What did you do?" asked a sympathetic caller.

"I went after it," she said. "I could never have matched that wool."

D. STEWART, 5-A.

THE WOLF'S SIDE OF THE STORY

THE sun streamed cheerfully in the courtroom window upon a chain of important and tragic events. The defendant, an oily-looking wolf, dressed in a loud blue and orange checked suit, was fidgeting in the prisoner's box. Little Red Riding Hood, the victim, sat innocently twiddling her thumbs, while even Grandma was present, reposing in her coffin.

As the Wolf tremblingly took the stand, a murmur ran about the courtroom. He began to speak, gathering more self-assurance as he continued.

"Nobuddy's hoid my side of de story," he whined. "One bright day I was pickin' flowers for me dear mudder. I'm always tinkin' of me dear mudder," he confided modestly. "Red Ridin' Hood came down de path an' asked me de way to her

grandmudder's place. I pointed it out, and she tanked me an' passed by. Suddenly I felt a bump on me head and lost conshushness. De next ting I knew, I was in de back seat of a big red car, wit Little Red Ridin' Hood drivin'. I hoid her say to herself, 'what a swell rug.'" Here the wolf buried his face in his hands, and broke down. Tears streamed from one eye, while the other noted the effect on the judge.

Finally the wolf continued: "We reached her grandmudder's place an' went into de house. Dere stood granny. Bein' of a kind an' trustin' nature, I didn't suspect nuttin' until she pulled a long knife from behind her back and came at me. I tried to get out, but de door behind me was locked. I dodged, and wit amazin' agility I ran about de house. Tree times she stabbed at me and missed. She kept com-

in' at me." Here perspiration poured from the wolf's brow as he wildly demonstrated his flight, in the courtroom.

"Finally she got me in a corner," he summed. "She started laughin' an' said she'd get at least five bucks for me after I was a rug. Den she tried t' stab me. I ducked, an' in de ensooin' struggle, she got killed. It was purely self-defence,

yer honor, an' if every woid of what I said ain't true, den I hope a street car runs over me," he finished, with an oily smile at the judge.

Suddenly there was a deafening roar and—you've guessed it—a street car crashed through the wall.

ROBERT MECHIN, 4-A.

LA FERRIERE

ONE of the most impressive ruins of North America, of which perhaps only one person in a hundred has ever heard, stands on the island of Haiti, in the West Indies. This is the great rock citadel of La Ferriere, built by the black emperor Henri I.

Henri Christophe was a full-blooded negro who passed his early life as the slave of a French planter. When the blacks rose against their masters, he led the revolt on his own plantation. Serving first as a common soldier, he rose to the rank of general and chief supporter of the Emperor, Dessalines. After the assassination of Dessalines, Henri became in turn president, outlaw, president again, and finally king of Haiti in 1810.

As King Henri, he surrounded himself with all the pomp and ceremony of royalty, erected nine palaces, eight chateaux, maintained vast stables, innumerable retainers, and a tremendous bodyguard.

His greatest achievement, however, was the erection of a mammoth citadel on the highest and most inaccessible peak of the island. Obsessed by fear that the French would attempt to reconquer the country he resolved to build a truly impregnable stronghold. LaFerriere is the result. Tradition asserts that thirty thousand of his black subjects perished in building this chief monument to his ambition. From a distance the enormous hack in the mountain side looks like some strange natural formation rather than any work of man. It is perched three thousand feet in the air and built of massive stone blocks, twenty-feet thick, which were hauled by groan-

ing slaves from the jungle below. The walls are so strong that even modern artillery would have a worthy adversary in their sturdy squareness. Besides stone, the stinging lash took three hundred and sixty-five cannon of the largest make to that pinnacle. Along with them went the smaller cannon, the huge iron cannon-supports, pyramids of cannon balls, vast stores of grain and food, powder, ammunition and a gold reserve of thirty million dollars.

Christophe's enemies saw in this only the madness of an insane despot but he had a method in his madness. He had resolved to raise his black brethren from their lethargy even if it had to be done by the torturing lash. The citadel was to be a place of hope for the negro, a rallying spot for the slave of all nations. He never admitted the word "can't" into his plans. Negro workmen were given a job to complete within a certain time; if they failed, they were thrown from the castle heights to the rocks below. Multitudes of his people are said to have met their fate this way under the black tyrant.

With the citadel completed he trained and drilled an army of black soldiers which he contended, surpassed in discipline, anything Europe could produce. As an illustration of this, to the British ambassador, he set a company drilling near the cliff wall and at a given command caused it to march off the edge, to death.

Christophe died as violently as he had lived. When one hot day paralysis struck him down he shot himself with a golden bullet, rather than see his despotic

THE COLLEGIATE

power slip from his grasp. While his retainers and officers sacked his treasure-filled palaces a few faithful servants carried his body up the steep trail to La Ferriere. There he was interred in a lime

pit and there he remains in that amazing citadel of which he said in bitter pride, "Nowhere else can a black man hold up his head."

W. STOREY, VB

HONOLULU, DECEMBER 7, 1941

SUNDAY, December 7, 1941, dawned on Honolulu much as every other morning dawns on that beautiful city. There were no dark clouds rolling forbiddingly, there was no booming thunder, no driving rain, there was nothing to give a warning of the oncoming disaster. Above, the warm, blue sky smiled on the smooth green sea, while the trees swayed softly in the morning breeze.

Nature was as usual, and so was the little book shop on the corner, a favourite haunt of both American tourists and permanent residents of Honolulu. Old wizened Mr. Fitzren kept the little shop, living with his young daughter Sue, in the tiny rooms behind the store. This morning being Sunday, there would be no work, and the two lingered over coffee, revelling in the sunshine streaming through their kitchen window and in the unaccustomed joy of a day of leisure. They sat talking while the hands of the little clock standing behind the stove crept on to eight, and to eightfive. And then it was eight-ten and Sue was saying, "Pops, just feel the peace in the air, the warmth, the sunshine. It's grand to be alive on a day like this. You —"

But she stopped then, her words floating in mid-air, her coffee cup suspended on its way up. She listened and her eyes grew wide as she heard the sonorous drone above her, the drone that every second grew louder and more menacing. "Pops," she gasped, and her eyes meeting his were unbelieving.

Hastily setting down her cup, Sue followed her father, as he sped through the darkened book-shop, unlocked the front door, and burst into the hot glare of the street. From similar doors all along the narrow street people were pouring out to

cluster in terrified little knots and gaze upwards, upwards at the great silver monsters gleaming in the sunshine far above them. They talked at first in high nervous voices, but then they fell silent, and simply stood, squinting, incredulous, at the emblem of the rising sun painted on the flanks of these flying beasts that loomed over them, in wave after wave.

"Japs!" Sue breathed, and her father added, "Fifty of them!"

And still they stood, the hot seconds seeming like hours, unable to comprehend that this was happening to them. But suddenly, every eye saw the little black objects that slipped from the leading plane, every ear heard the sharp whine and the deafening roar as the first black object exploded, all too near. This seemed like a signal, for now the black objects that everyone knew to be bombs, fell, tons of them, on the helpless city writhing below.

And panic reigned everywhere! Who could keep cool when death snarled and thundered at them, coming with ear-splitting screams from the sunny skies? People ran here and there, shouting, pushing, wild with fear, as buildings toppled over on them, crushing out their life. Fires started, and fanned by the gentle breeze, swarmed from one building to another, devouring voraciously everything in their path.

Sue remembered rushing with the others; dazed and deafened by the noise and confusion. "Which one will get me? Which one will get me?" for it seemed impossible that anyone would survive this horror. After a while, her numbed brain refused to register any further impressions until figures in blue, on horseback appeared, miraculously calm, and ordered

the people into the cellars of the buildings still unharmed.

The police were like angels in the midst of a devil's turmoil. They shepherded the half-crazed populace to comparative safety in the cellars where they crouched, lips moving in incoherent prayer, until at last the bellowing bombs ceased to fall and all was silent, save for the crackling of the fires and the occasional rumble of a shattered building crumbling to the ground.

Sue and her father, shakened, bruised, weak with terror, crept out with the other survivors to view the chaos that used to be beautiful Honolulu. Somehow it seemed odd that the sun was still shining, but they realized that it would go on shining, and that they must go on living, and fighting these raiders of the skies. So as they walked amid the ruins of their city, their shoulders squared and their chins came up. Next time they would be ready!

SHIRLEY MORRISON, 4-A.



THE CENTURY "BAWL"



EDITOR—OLIVIA TOZER

HAPPY MEMORIES

IN a country where the Queen takes to the ice as soon as it is strong enough, and where Father skates all day with the family, at the expense of his work, skating is not looked upon merely as an incidental sport. Skating days are holidays; shops and schools close; everyone is on the ice, even the aged.

Anxiously the ice is tested hour by hour on the canals. First dogs are tempted to cross the ice. If it holds, then small boys are enticed to venture to the centre for the coppers thrown there. Thus it goes, until by afternoon even father is gliding merrily along, followed by mother and all the members of the family to the very small, bravely trying to keep up with the long strides in front.

For the children, this is a time for great glee. They hurry off to school in the morning, getting there in record time to hand the powerless master a note signed by father saying that because of ice and skating it is impossible to send Dirk or Jan to school. Only the parson's children remain, as the parson thinks skating is a devil's pastime. Very soon the master too, begins to finger his skates in his desk, closes school for the day. Next, he finds himself skating along with his fellow friends.

The only person to whom this celebration means hard work is the skate grinder. What demand he is in! How tired he becomes!

Here and there along the way booths are hastily set up by the old and disabled, where the skaters may refresh themselves with cups of hot chocolate or coffee. Old people too dignified to have a booth, sit around fires on the bank, watching, smoking, and talking about days they had skated to different cities faster and better than any of these youngsters could do it.

Very often, the destination of the family is their relatives, living in villages perhaps fifteen miles away. The woman-folk go to the tea booth and discuss recent news, with their eyes warily on the clock, as an hour is sufficient to waste from skating. Father, with the male relatives go to another booth to drink something more hearty, while the children match their skill with eager cousins. When they go on their way again, they have the promise of a visit from their relatives, the following week if the ice lasts.

Evening on the ice is courting time. The night and ice belong to youth. They may go where they want, while older people close their eyes and keep away from the side canals. Life is brief; the skating

season is briefer. Normal activities are soon resumed again. Pupils are back at their books, the shops and stores are reopened.

Where is this fascinating place? Have you guessed? It is Northern Holland. However, perhaps these happy times are

now only memories of the distant past. No doubt certain members of the family are missing, and minds are filled with thoughts of their tyrant-dominated country.

NORA HARDY, 5-A.

OUR EXCITING TRIP

AT last the day was here. We had been looking forward to it since nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, when we had planned to make the journey to Corunna as soon as we had time. In the last few weeks we had been given many going-away parties, and many gifts. Our parents were very worried, because we had never before gone as far as Corunna without them.

On this bright July morning we finished packing our twenty-five suitcases. We were so excited that we were at the station ten minutes before train time. Imagine our disappointment when we found only one hundred of our friends waiting to see us off. When the train left, all our friends sang "Good-bye, until we meet again." We were so overwhelmed that we began to sob passionately, and we almost jumped off the train.

We soon began, however, to enjoy our long journey. It really was exciting to go so far by ourselves. The village was so far in the backwoods that we could not get all the way there by train. At the station we were met by a group of men

who were going to guide us through the jungle which separated us from Corunna. We practically had to cut our way through, and with our trusty sling-shots, we had to kill several wild animals which might relish a meal of human flesh. At long last, we arrived at Corunna.

How surprised we were at the civilization! We had expected a bunch of abode huts and natives with scanty clothing. Imagine our amazement when we found a church, a bank, and even an ice-cream parlour called Ivan's.

After having been there for three days, we thought about going home. Would we have to go through that jungle again? We shuddered at the thought. We voiced our perturbation to the owner of our boarding-house. The next day he offered to show us something. He took us a little north of the village. What was there? An airport! How excited we were. We made arrangements for our trip home. We reached there safely and were joyfully greeted by our friends who had given us up for lost.

FRANCES McMAHEN,
G. MAITLAND, 3-B.

SARAWAK, BORNEO

THE sun was rising from behind the horizon to which a red shaft of light glittered across the water; to the south a great island loomed up out of the sea; a motor launch could be seen pulling up alongside the ship. This was the place I was to spend the next five years of life. It thrilled me to think that only a few weeks ago I had been so many miles away in Canada, shivering in the cold Decem-

ber winds. Now I was very warm.

In a few hours I was introduced to my new living quarters. They had no windows with glass, simply wooden shutters. A group of men were there to meet me. They hailed from all parts of the world; all had come to Borneo with one purpose in mind—to produce oil.

My first impression of the island was the abundance of vegetable matter. From

experience I learned that a road cut through the jungle which is not kept up, is barely visible a year later. It astounded me one day as I was coming back to camp, that when I attempted to take a short-cut through the jungle I was completely repulsed. Progress through these areas is impossible without a huge knife with which to cut away the growth. Bananas, oranges, punclooes, similar to grape-fruit, papaya, similar to our canteloupe, pine-apples, cocoanuts, grow in profusion. Trees of all types grow to great heights in which vines intermingle with the branches.

This growth is due to the ideal climatic conditions. It rains every day in the tropics for a short while, then dries up quickly. This particular area has an average yearly rainfall of over seventy-five inches, as much as any place in the world. The warm temperature also aids growth. The mercury never falls below 70 degrees in any season. This low temperature occurs during the night. The average daily temperature is about 84 degrees in the shade, while in the sun it is 120 degrees. This island is directly on the equator which explains the intense heat.

The aborigines of the island are called Dyaks, who are wilder than the invading race from the mainland, called Malays. They go about clad only in a loin-cloth. Their diet consists of snakes, vegetable matter, fish, roots, and fruit. The Dyaks in the interior are head-hunters, which explains the reason no white man has invaded this area. The Malays are somewhat more civilized, being employed by companies wishing cheap labor. They work for about a cent a day. With this they buy opium and tobacco from the Chinese to smoke. Their other hobby is chewing bettle-nut, a dirty red-colored substance. They dwell in long grass huts. When a newly-wed couple wish to be set up in housekeeping, another addition is built on the now very long house. The Chinese have been brought here as house-servants to the white men, and laborers. They are kept in houses by themselves.

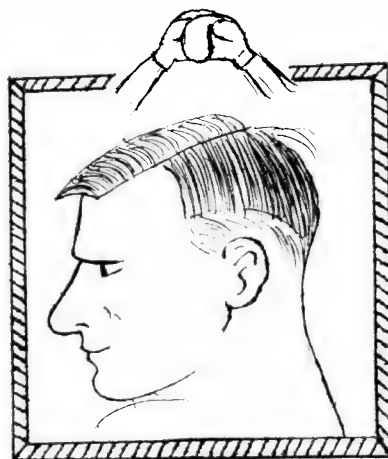
The white people on the island are not

able to work hard, as it is too hot. However, in the evening it is cooler, when they play tennis, soccer, baseball, swim or whatever they desire. They also hunt wild pig in the jungle. This is a treat, after eating imported salt meat for months. For added pleasure an organized club provides indoor games, parties, as well as a meeting place.

The oil field in which I was situated produced a high-grade oil which would run an automobile without refining—very different from the oil around Petrolia. Huge gushers sometimes blew oil three hundred feet in the air, drenching the surrounding area, which caused much expectation because of fire. The oil was refined to be pumped out to waiting tankers, about a mile at sea, as the water is not deep enough to come closer.

On the whole I enjoyed my stay there very much. I hope some day to return, after the Japanese have been driven out.

JAS. D. NISBET.



HAIL CHAMP!

TWENTY THOUSAND STEPS AROUND OTTAWA

THE hope of a visit to Canada's capital had always enthralled me. Accordingly, the chance presented, I prepared a careful itinerary in which nearly all of the city's high-lights were included. At length, however, I reflected, and stroked out all but three magical words—Hull, Parliament, Museum.

One of our party of three, who professed knowledge of the difference between Rideau Avenue and Canal View, suggested that we first pay our respects to Hull. Despising the railway, we walked across the bridge over the river, in order to view better the brown log-booms as they hung lazily in the agate upstream water. On the left, as we faced northeast, a steep cliff climbed from the shrubbery above the water. Straight away from the bridge, a blue mountain reared up, and to the right, a towering pulp-pile betokened the match maker's establishment in Hull. Hull—bound to be intriguing and certain to offer the chance of testing Miss King's classes.

The first block from the bridgehead seemed to serve a purpose of transition. Signs of disappointing English hung before us. But yet, yes, at the next corner—three advertisements in both languages, and around the corner—no England. Hope started up as we noticed a group of boys lifting up their voices in a manner to do justice to a biology spare. However, as happens when Mr. Treitz creaks the door of "316," the group silenced itself when we drew near. We had recognized none of its French. A little later, upon entering a drug store, I was given the opportunity to use my French. Fearlessly, I met the clerk's ferreting gaze, and hopefully parried his deferring "Monsieur?" with "do you speak English here?" And now, because he did, I have some cards of the city's views, among them the impressive cathedral, L'église de St. Jean-Baptiste.

Back in Ottawa, we guided ourselves around the stately Chateau Laurier, headed toward the Parliament Buildings. The

monuments to Canadian heroes were feelingly admired, as we followed the sidewalk. It led behind the buildings to the east side of the Library, where, surrounded by young American tourists of feminine gender, were groups of grinning soldiers, not a whit annoyed at the attention received, and probably pleased with their own patriotism. At half-past one, we passed a heat-worn corporal-sentry vainly striving to make his snappy marching natural, and then walked up the steps of the stone-chiselled main entrance beneath the Peace Tower. Realization whipped strongly. We were entering Canada's Houses of Parliament, and though the scenes described, might draw others, the feelings experienced could not be shared, but had to be a result of the drawing. Nevertheless, these emotions were forcefully violated by a button-sprinkled man, who ordered us up into the Tower. Two elevators that left the stomach groping shot up, and by and by we were looking over the broken forest called Ottawa. On the way down from the Tower, all in the elevator were thrilled when the operator, after making a particularly active seven-year-old promise not to steal the largest, showed us the chimes as they struck the hour. Thunder hung in and feebly followed the cage when again it dropped.

One guide attached himself to our party in Confederation Hall. He explained the pictures in the Hall of Fame. He opened up the wonders of the Library. He commented on the Nurses' Memorial. He drew attention to the Manitoba limestone. And as dessert, he let us wander alone past an open door. Our curiosity hoped for nine lives. We looked in, and quickly drew back. We had seen a meeting of the War Council! Incidentally, the evening papers described it as called together "to discuss the status of M. René Ristelhueber." Another observation made, and we mean no offence to the ones responsible, was that the chairs in the Commons lobby were more worn than those

THE COLLEGIATE

in the House of Commons.

To bear out the title of this article, I must tell you that we walked part way from Parliament Hill to the Museum. Arriving there, we combed the first floor. When we met at the end opposite to the one we had entered, not an exhibit could have justified any complaint of neglect. By then, we were versed in everything from the fauna of the Tertiary Period to the wampum of the red-skins. Now, having long coveted the ability to remark casually, "Oh, yes, I've seen the socks Horatius wore as he kept the bridge," I searched for the Ancient History section. I could not find it.

In my very best English, I asked the

gold-braided coat—almost all I could see of the curator—where was the Department of Greek and Roman History. His answer was curt and prideful: "This is the *National Museum*." Chastened, I went back to a touching representation of a wolf-pack attacking a buffalo family.

That night, as we soothed our outraged pedal extremities, we realized we had travelled a great deal, and that our hearts were as full as our feet were sore. We were happy—happy enough to recommend that everyone else visit Ottawa, and find a good parking lot for his car while there.

S. E. S.

DIARY ON R.M.S. SANARIA

JUNE 29TH, 1940—

WE were all very sleepy after our night in the train from Euston to Liverpool. Liverpool was simply covered with barrage balloons, and the dock was crammed with ships. Had breakfast at Aunt Frances's—most unusual to have bacon and eggs at the same time. Did last minute shopping. Daddy had an awful time trying to get permission to go on board the boat with us. At last he succeeded. Got on board and managed to find our cabin, which we are going to share with another girl, Annie Westbrook. Said goodbye to Mummy and Daddy by the gang plank. Watched the boat cast off and explored all the ship.

JUNE 30TH—

Woke up to find that the rolling of the ship on the Irish Sea did not agree with us! Not a very enjoyable day—being seasick. Sat on deck curled up in our coats and blankets from the cabin. Stewardess gave us a very firm lecture for taking the blankets out of the cabin. The officers who went by the deck laughed at our doleful faces. We had some toast and Bovril which tasted very good. That was our first, and I hope our last experience of seasickness. All this time we were being convoyed by a destroyer and two planes which swooped around us.

JULY 1ST—

Today we were able to enjoy the food—it was simply marvellous to have chicken, turkey, ice cream and lots of butter and sugar. I guess they don't have rationing on boats. I tried some caviar but I think it tastes like cold rice, and looks like black buttons. Bob and I have discovered a ping-pong table in the lounge and made good use of it. I played four fast games with a young Frenchman after dinner, and we smashed them back and forth.

JULY 2ND—

Saw a very gruesome film, "Flying Squad" in the smoking room. Ate a very large lunch and were teased by the waiter who compared our appetites with the ones a few days ago. Walked around the deck in the afternoon. Saw lots and lots of babies in their prams taking their airings. One small girl started to pull her pram on top of her. I pulled her back before she tried. Another curly-headed tot trotted over to our table every meal, chased by a frantic nurse. We have undertaken the job of keeping him quiet during the movies, which takes a lot of doing. We had boat drill nearly every day—today was one of them. The poor officers had a terrible time trying to make themselves heard above the din.

JULY 3RD—

Handed passport and papers into purser. Had to fill in some luggage vouchers. Met our chaperone—she is very inquisitive and a busybody. Thank Heavens we don't see much of her! At night we watched the horse racing with little wooden horses. Trusting to beginner's luck, I lost three shillings. Feeling discouraged we went to the lounge and listened to the orchestra. Tim asked them three times to play the Blue Danube but they only played it once—to our disgust.

JULY 4TH—

Met Philip Ravenshaw (he writes fiction novels) who is coming over alone. He had tea with us in the ping-pong room. Why is it at tea, there are always so many little cakes, which don't fill you up at all? Played ping-pong in the lounge and had a lot of fun. Listened to the orchestra again and had a technical discussion on music, which I didn't understand. We all drank orangeade.

JULY 5TH—

My birthday! The boys gave me presents of souvenirs from the shop and Mr. Ravenshaw, a box of chocolates. They didn't last very long. Had an extra large tea in the lounge for celebration and danced afterwards. Even after we had gone to bed we could hear the music as the lounge was near our cabin.

JULY 7TH—

Nothing much happened yesterday. Now we are just a day out of New York. We can tell because the weather is warmer. The rest of the voyage it has been so cold we had to wear slacks and coats

all the time. Soon we won't have to lug our life-belts around—which will be a very pleasant change. The voyage has been rather quiet, although we heard later that the "Andora Star" had been torpedoed a day behind us.

JULY 8TH—

So this is "it"—the long-awaited "it." This morning we got up early to see the skyline of New York. Our patience was rewarded by the glimpse of some skyscrapers, standing eerily out of the mist; it looked as if they were suspended in mid-air. Had an awful time with last minute packing. We weren't allowed off the boat till Mr. Beagle (the man who was going to meet us) had appeared. Spent a long time with the American immigration, getting all our papers sorted out. Got through the customs.

Mr. Beagle drove us around New York and then took us to his summer home on Manhattan Island. Met his wife and children. Could not understand a word they said—they probably thought the same about us. Had our first hamburgers (with relish). We crossed the ferry again to get to the station. Had a lovely time buying about six different kinds of gum and magazines. We had dinner on the train. We didn't know anything about American money, so we got the cheapest dinner, scared we would spend too much. Later we found out we had enough money to get more expensive.

JULY 9TH—

We wake up in Canada! I wonder what it will be like?

BINDLE TOZER, 4-B.



Campbell—"I've been in a terrible state of consternation all day."

Jolly—"Did you ever try all-bran?"

Campbell—"No, no, Jolly! Consternation, not ? ?"

What are the forces that bring little horses, if all the horses say neigh?

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR—JEAN DOBBINS

WITH our Empire at war, the trend of the struggle bringing us seemingly closer to Australia, I now find my correspondence with a Tasmanian high-school girl both interesting and instructive. A few notable extracts of her letters together with many beautiful snaps make me often wish to visit Australia.

"In our apple orchard we grow many thousands of cases of apples and export yearly about 7,000 cases to England and overseas ports, but this year, on account of shipping space, the orchardists have not been able to ship any apples overseas. Dad has dumped over 4,000 cases of good apples this season. It is a terrible waste but there is nothing else to do with them here."

"I wish I could come over to you now to see some of the snow. We never have to shovel it away from our back door. We have had two very heavy falls of snow for us this month. Mount Wellington, which is situated some six miles from Hobart, has been laden and many skiers have been up there. There is a drive to the pinnacle and the view from the top includes Hobart, all the suburbs, the harbour, and many country districts. It is 4,165 feet high."

"I was thinking how lucky we are here in Tasmania because today was a beautiful spring day. We had a very cold winter. At least we thought it was cold, but the snow did not settle on the ground once this year. I expect that you would not call it winter without snow all around you. It has been very very wet but the spring has started now and we have had several sunny days."

"The pupils of our Hobart High School have contributed over £1,200 for War Savings Certificates in the last year."

"Do you do much swimming in Canada in the summer, or is it too cold? What are your summer sports?"

These letters from Australia all came "Opened by Censor," but up to date not an item has been omitted. I certainly would not want to lose this splendid correspondent from this "Land of Sunshine."

MURIEL CLYSDALE, 4-A.

Nothing seems to please a person quite so much as a letter from overseas. It delights us when our correspondent describes her country's hillside or dale, but now the war has changed homelife and surroundings quite extensively.

One incident which I thought was particularly humorous was taken from a letter from Scotland.—One night during an air raid a bomb fell and shook a nearby house so much that the fire from an open fireplace fell out onto the hearth. The owner of the house, who was sleeping in an armchair, was awakened by the noise. He got out of the chair, picked up a shovel, calmly shoveled the fire back into place, resumed his former position and went back to sleep just as though nothing had happened.

During another air raid, which was quite severe, the occupants of the house were forced to go out into their shelter. The maid kept opening the door of the shelter, looking out and saying, "I wonder where that one hit," or, "I guess that's one less plane the Germans have." The warden, whose patience had been completely exhausted, came over and told the girl that the shelter was there to protect them from flying debris, not to provide them with a better view.

Here is a different type of story taken from an English letter.—During an air

raid an enemy plane was brought down and crashed on an air raid shelter. The pilots of the plane met instant death and the occupants of the shelter were pinned under the wreckage. When the debris was cleared away the mother of the family was found dead. The girl was found hanging by the feet with her hands and face badly burned. The father's feet were caught under the wreckage. A poisonous gas, which had filled the shelter, had got to their burns and made them worse. When they were freed, they were immediately rushed to a hospital. The father's toes and the girl's fingers all dropped off. The father had to sign a paper to have his daughter's hands amputated at the wrists, but the girl never complained. Now she is saving her money to send to America to get artificial hands, but she cannot do so until the war is over.

Here in Canada we think we are denying ourselves many luxuries, but I'm sure that it would be very hard for us to give up our mother, to have a crippled father and lose both our hands without complaining at all.

Won't you lend your savings for victory? None of us would like to go through what this English girl experienced. You won't be the only one who is giving up something. Thousands of people all over the British Empire and U.S.A. are sharing with you. Help give some little happiness to someone else or some little joy and let the dot-dot-dot-dash ring out throughout the world.

PEGGY CHRISTON, 2-C.

42 Frenchpark St.

Belfast, Ireland, Jan. 5, 1942.

Dear Frances:

Many thanks for the chocolate bar. It is quite unusual to see milk chocolate over here. I think everyone that came into our house got a small piece of it, just to refresh the flavour of it to them.

I hope you had a very pleasant Christmas. I spent an enjoyable Christmas in a small country cottage in the County of Armagh. I left Belfast on Christmas

night and did not return until the following Sunday night. The country was bleak and cold but I did not mind that.

There are no flowers to be seen now except for a few chrysanthemums. Our garden is practically empty save for some rows of leaks.

We are having peaceful nights now and are very glad.

The war is still going on. We are more determined than ever to win. I see some Canadians frequently in Belfast.

Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, I will finish.

Your loving pen-pal, Amelia Bell.

FRANCES McMAHEN, 3-D.

Beauport, Jan. 7.

Ma chère Ferne:

Ta lettre m' a fait tellement plaisir, que je ne veux pas retarder à y répondre —J'espère que to vas complètement micux maintenant.

Je suis allée, l'autre côté du fleuve au Drill Hall de Lévis pour fêter le "New Year's Eve"—nous avons traversé en bateau, il y avait beaucoup de petites "banguises" sur le fleuve. Je n' ai jamais eu autant de plaisir et de joie de ma vie. Nous avons visité le "Drill Hall" jusqu' aux "souterrains" qui étaient très froids et noirs.

Ce soir là, Pierre a reçu un 'party.' Ils sont allés en ski au lac Des Roches et sont revenus commencer la nouvelle année à la maison. Je ne sais ce qu' ils ont fait, mais lorsque je suis revenue, la maison était sens dessus-dessous. Pierre m' a dit qu' ils avaient mis un garçon dans le bain et ils lui avaient donné un "shower" . . .

Pierre est allé reconduire Maurice au McGill; ils sont partis hier. Nous avons eu bien du plaisir ensemble pendant les fêtes—tu sais que le soir de Noël, nous allons à minuit à l'église où il y a du chant, beaucoup de lumières, de fleurs etc. C'est très joli. Nous revenons à la maison à deux heures pour prendre le "réveillon"—dans les compagnes, "il" se compose de: patés à la viande, de ragoût, de viande en gelée, croquignoles, "maple

syrup," gateau, bûche de Noël, etc.

Pierre et Maurice sont allés à l'église à l'Île d'Orléans avec des amis dans cinq "carrioles" et ce fût une belle promenade au clair de lune. De retour à la maison, nous dansons et chantons jusqu'au matin. Le jour de Noël nous allons dîner chez Gendron "Dinde, 'plum-pudding' etc. et voilà pour nos fêtes.

Je suppose que tu retourneras bientôt au collège. Ta carte de Noël était bien originale. J'espère que cette nouvelle année t'apportera bien du bonheur et pour moi plusieurs lettres de ma chère Ferne.

Je te garde toute ma chaude affection. Claire.

FERNE WILSON, 5-B.

Extracts from a letter from an 18-year-old English boy:

"I have joined the R.A.F.V.R. To begin with, I volunteered the Saturday before I was due to register, under my age group, to be exact, it was on August 30th. Well, a week later I had my preliminary medical and interview at Newcastle and passed them both.

"On October 2nd I left Blyth for Padgate, near Manchester, to undergo another medical and various exams. We arrived at Padgate at 6.30 p.m. and were taken to the Receiving Centre where we were given the number of the hut in which we had to sleep, then we were marched off for a meal. Well, after that, we were all pretty tired from our train journey, so we just climbed into our bunks and tried to sleep. (I say tried to sleep, because it was a bit difficult, as we were nearly tickled to death by the blankets—they could have done with a haircut and a shave). However, after about three hours, we were just settling down, when the "blue pencil" siren sounded. So we tripped neatly or rather dazedly to our shelter. Luckily it was a very short raid, so we got back into our beds.

"I got to sleep and it seemed that after about five minutes, I heard such a nice voice gently calling, 'Come on, you so-

and-so's! Don't you know it's 6 a.m.?' Just think of it—6 a.m. and having to get up. Well, we arose (it was still dark) and walked about fifty yards to another hut where we were told to try to wash and shave. We just had our trousers and singlets on, and the water was freezing cold, and there were no kind sergeants to bring us any hot water to shave with. So, after a struggle of about half an hour, I managed to get most of my whiskers off, and in the process I nearly decapitated myself, as there were no mirrors. Well, we got dressed and went and had breakfast at 7 a.m.

"At 8 a.m. all those candidates who had applied for 'air crews' were marched off to sit the exams. There were about three hundred of us at first, but after the exams these had been wheedled down to one hundred and fifty. We had three exams—mathematics, general intelligence, and English. I did not find them too bad, although we were rather pushed for time. We had to do 12 math problems in 15 minutes, 15 general knowledge questions in 15 minutes, and the toughest of all, I reckoned, was the English, where we had to write three sets of notes of not less than fifty words each on three subjects. The subjects were:

1. The Straits of Dover.
2. How do we bring about a change of government in England?
3. How has the occupation of North France and Belgium by the enemy, hampered our defences?

Ten minutes only for those three subjects was pretty tough going. If it had been 10 minutes for each, it wouldn't have been so bad, but as it was I had to get cracking to finish them.

"After these tests, I had to wait three hours in a small room for my interview with the Aviation Candidates Selection Board. Well, by the time I was called in for my ordeal, I was getting pretty "jump" and wondering what I was going to be asked.

"However, I sailed on rather drifted into the room and was met by the steely

eyes of a Group Captain, Squadron Leader, Flight Lieutenant, and a Pilot Officer.

"So I just sat down and waited for the show to begin. Well it didn't take them long to get warmed up (I was feeling pretty hot round the collar myself). First of all I was given the results of my exams and I had passed O.K. with 37 marks out of a possible 40.

"Then they started popping the questions, one after the other, in a never-ending stream. They stuck at this for 15 minutes but it seemed more like 15 hours, and in that time I think they touched every possible subject such as maths, English, history, geography, sports, hobbies, how many girls I had, what I knew about aircraft, why I wanted to join the R.A.F., what type of plane I wanted to fly, occupation in civil life and other things too numerous to mention. After this they went into a huddle for a few minutes, then the Group Captain broke the happy news, 'Well, Laws, providing that you can pass the medical we will be pleased to accept you for training as pilot.'

"Was I thrilled! Well, I had lunch

first and I was so pleased with myself that I can't remember what I ate.

"After lunch those of us who had to go for our medicals were bubbling over with confidence. I might say that at this stage of the proceedings there were approximately fifty of us left out of the three hundred applicants.

"So in we went for the medical, which wasn't exactly a cakewalk, either. However, I came through with flying colours, and was I pleased! After all the tests the total number of us who were accepted for pilots came to the grand total of twelve. So I reckon I was pretty fortunate in being one of them. Nine out of the twelve were from the Newcastle district.

After our medical we were sworn in and then taken in front of another officer who told us that we would probably be sent to train out in Canada or America, so we might see you in about another nine months.

"I am on deferred service until February 1942 so I'll at least get Christmas and New Year at home."

JEAN DOBBIN, 5-B.



DATE BUREAU

FOR BOYS ONLY

That Glorious Blonde	Courtright 4037
Dancing is her profession	1299-W
Happy as the day is long	332
Cute is the word	2249

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Viking type	2458
Double date	2083
Small but dynamic	1665-W
That handsome red head	675

Knight (in armour, with a child in his arms, to his lady fair): "I think you had better take him dear,—he's getting my suit all rusty."

* * * *

Is there anything I can do to stop you from giving me the cold shoulder?
Sure, drape a sable over it, Gable!

* * * *

Marie: I hear your pet daschund died.
Belle: Yes, he met his end going around a tree.



RUBY CRAWFORD

"CHAMPION OF LIBERTY"

IT SEEMS amazing that in nineteen hundred and forty-two, a few German notes mean the hope of freedom for nearly all the small European nations. Everyone of us has heard these notes. The "V for victory" campaign is carried on under the very noses of the Nazis.

These four notes, from Ludwig van Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, are more than merely a bar from this great music. They prove that Beethoven believed in freedom and justice for the oppressed. A highstrung democrat he even refused to take off his hat to royalty. In court when asked to prove his right to nobility, he squared his shoulders and pointing to his heart and brains, proudly said, "my nobility is here, and here!"

Beethoven was often called "the mad genius", but few people have ever given themselves so completely to music. As a four-year-old he loved to follow his father's fingers over the keys of the harpsi-chord. Taught by a stern teacher, Herr Pfeiffer, he would be dragged, crying, from his outdoor play to his music lesson, but as soon as his chubby fingers touched the ivory keys, his tears vanished.

Before he was thirty the saddest of tragedies that could fall on a musician, happened to him. He started to grow deaf! Though he tried every remedy, nothing could be done to save his hearing. Even worse, he became very sensitive

about it. He was so proud that he would never ask a person to speak louder. Even his closest friends had to be careful not to hurt his feelings.

In later years, after work, he would rush home, throw off his coat, not even bothering to remove his hat. As he bent low over the keys to hear the music, crowds often gathered outside the open door to listen to the melody.

When conducting an orchestra, he had his own way of getting the best from the musicians. If he wanted soft music he seemed to make himself smaller and smaller. When he wanted a great crescendo, his head would rise, his chest swell, and he'd stand on tiptoe, looking like a giant.

By the time Beethoven had finished his Ninth Symphony, he was worn out from his hard struggle against poverty and illness. On the night that he was to conduct it for the first time, the old man stood motionless on the stage facing the orchestra, his back to the audience. Then someone gently turned him around. There, before his surprised eyes, was a great shouting throng, many of whom had tears in their eyes. The tribute that was paid then, is a symbol of the world's lasting respect and affection for this "champion of liberty".

CATHERINE WEIR, 3A.

HOW MUSIC AFFECTS US AND WHAT IT MEANS TO US

*"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."*

DURING these troublesome times music can be our dearest friend and guide. You have heard of people that walk about with their eyes closed. Well, a great many people seem to walk about with their ears closed also. These people miss one of the greatest pleasures that life can give.

A practical joke was once played on a great musician by a friend of his. One morning while this musical genius was still lying in bed his friend started to play a composition on the piano. He played it loudly enough to attract the musician's attention, and continued right on up to the very end. Then, just as he was about to sound the finishing chord he stopped. It was as if he had left the piece hanging in mid-air. The musician waited for the last chord but nothing happened. Finally, in desperation, the disturbed man jumped out of bed, hurried downstairs to the piano, and finished it himself.

So responsive was he to the powers of music that cutting off the end of that piece was just as painful to him as cutting off the end of his own little finger. Most people are not so sensitive as that. But, to some extent music has the power to move all of us, even those that claim that there is not a note of music in their

make-up, just because they cannot carry a tune. Who, for instance, has not felt a thrill as a band comes marching down the street. And music can affect us in a thousand different ways. The huge symphony orchestra, which plays so impressively, can carry us to far distant lands, the dance tune that makes our feet want to keep time to its rhythm, the glorious waltzes that carry us to fairy-like ballrooms, the strange music of the opera, the cheerful little melodies of the hurdy gurdy, the queer strains from far-off lands such as China and Egypt—these are but a few of the many kinds of music that affect us.

All these kinds of music can be brought into our homes by means of the radio and victrola. These two wonderful inventions have brought music within reach of people in all walks of life.

In days gone by, soldiers marched to battle to the tune of the military band. This gave them new strength and made them forget their weary feet. Great men have been inspired by music in their darkest hours.

And so, bearing all this in mind, let us listen to music not only with open ears, but with open minds and open hearts.

CATHERINE SCOTT, Form 1-11.

MUSIC — AS YOU LIKE IT

WHAT is good music? A great many people have asked this question. Perhaps this brief reply would surprise many of them. Good music is music you like to hear.

Oh there are critics who dissect, analyze and then say that this composer is stealing from that, and that one school of composition is better than another. But let us not worry too much about the sad state of affairs in musical arts. If

you like a piece of music whether Brahms or boogie-woogie, it's good.

No two people ever feel exactly the same about a musical composition. Many so-called classical compositions sound terrible, just as plenty of jazz isn't worth a minute of your time.

When Mozart was writing dance music for his generation he was a "popular" composer. The fact that he is now one of the old masters doesn't mean that his

music can't be light and gay. Too often the classics are draped with dismal funereal trimmings. Music was made to be enjoyed whether enjoyment is reflected by an all-gone feeling during a performance or by shagging down the floor to a jump rendition of the "One O'clock Jumps."

Music is an emotion that gets down deep and doesn't ever leave. Music, to artists, can be so many things that it hurts them to see people who dismiss it as a luxury or who follow it because it may be fashionable.

Perhaps you know how it is to be down-hearted or in the "dumps" and someone comes walking by the house whistling a sprightly tune. Your spirits pick right up and the world seems brighter as you whistle along with your unknown musician. A good dance band puts rhythm in your step and soft music at dinnertime adds an extra dessert to the meal.

Back of all that music are musicians who get deep satisfaction from making other people aware of melody and rhythm. Of course there is a difference between swing and symphony audiences, especially in how they show appreciation. In some audiences good swing causes an actual riot. Maybe you have seen or perhaps joined in what might be called dance-floor track meets and setting-up exercises. Today's tempo fiends are certainly a part of our new American music.

In general, symphony lovers seem happiest when they hear exactly what they expected to hear—a respectful rendition performed with all due deference to the wishes of the dead composer. From the moment a classical composer dies his works are no longer mere manuscripts, but they become documents which no musician dares to change. With swing, things are different. Everybody is disappointed if what he or she hears corresponds to anything ever heard before. No clarinetist wants to sound on his second chorus as if he were the same instrumentalist who played the first one.

The intelligent swing audience seems to get closer to the performer than a classical one. The feet taps and the interest is in everything that is happening. Many times we have heard the cry "Swing is dead". Swing cannot die a natural death in a country like ours or the one to the south. Perhaps the different types of swing may fade, but only to be immediately replaced. Has not our music grown out of our brand of government? A man who improvises with a musical instrument is using the same freedom as that exercised by an editorial writer who spouts his own opinions. Note the nations that have banned our kind of music and you will find that liberty has given way to dictatorship.

DOUGLAS ELLIOTT.

MUSIC CONCERTS

PERHAPS an insight into the life of Percy Grainger, the well-known pianist would be more fitting to describe his technique of playing. Percy Grainger, the composer of the famous piece "Country Gardens", played several selections to an enthusiastic audience, as one of the artists of the current Drama League series.

Mr. Grainger has been described "as a man having an electric energy and a mind like a house with many windows all open

so that the wind blows through from every angle." This is just the way Mr. Grainger played such energetic pieces as "Kiel Row" and his own "Country Gardens". From a great love for Grainger pieces, and a revised edition of Grieg's concertos, Grainger has come to be known as "Grieg's Prophet". During his programme Mr. Grainger included one of Grieg's compositions entitled "To the Spring."



SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Back row—Diane McIntyre, Arthur Keys, Ralph Daley, Don Shanks, Dorothy Campbell, Doug. Elliott, Bob Galpin, B. Barry, F. Shanks, D. Guthrie, Bill Barr, Mr. Brush.

Front row—Betty Foster, Ted Galpin, Mr. Rogin, Calvin Kennedy, Patsy Bruner, Miss Ramsden, Ross Allen, Paul McIntyre, A. Gajdos.

THE S. C. I. & T. S. SENIOR ORCHESTRA

WHAT would our school be without its orchestra? Everyone knows the stirring marches that liven the Assembly Hall. The orchestra helps in various ways in our school concerts and festivals, giving as nothing else can give in the way of entertainment. Hearty congratulations to the orchestra for the high mark of 80 points in the last May Festival.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Violins—Miss Ramsden, Mr. Brush, Art Millholland, Ross Allan, Paul McIntyre, Ted Galpin, Mitchell Keskanek, Mr. Rogin, Andrew Gajdos.

Cello—Betty Foster.

Bass Violin—Diane McIntyre.

Piano—Paul Mills, Calvin Kennedy.

Clarinets—Doug Elliott, Thomas Murphy, Bruce Barry, Don Hamilton, Bob Galpin.

Trumpets—Bert Shaw, Dorothy Campbell, Don Shanks.

Baritones—Doug. Shanks.

Horns—Bill Barr.

Trombones—Ralph Dailey, Art Kee.

Drum—Patricia Bruner.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

The Junior Orchestra, the birthplace of our senior group, is doing well under the excellent direction of Mr. W. E. Brush. We offer our encouragement to these young musicians.





SCHOOL BAND

Back row—Mr. Brush, L. Dennis, D. Marriot, A. Keyes, W. Wren, R. Daley, F. Osborne, Doug. Shanks, D. Geere, T. Galpin.
 Front row—A. Gajdos, B. Galpin, M. Passmore, B. Barry, D. Elliot, C. Oliver, D. Baird, D. Schnarr, B. Shaw, L. Phillips, Don Shanks, F. Janes.

S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

The spirit of life comes from the beat of the band and many times our band led the school teams on to victory. Special congratulations to the boys on their fine work with the cadets.

PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.
 Clarinets—Tom Murphy, Don Hamilton, Leo McLean, Murray Passmore, Bruce Barry, Bob Galpin, Ralph McLean, Ron Smith, Andrew Gadjos.
 Baritones—Doug Shanks, Frayne Osborne.
 Trumpets—Don Shanks, Bert Shaw, Bob Cole, Lloyd Dennis, Doug Coleman,

Nichols, Lyle Phillips.
 Horns—Bill Barr, Don Guthrie.
 Trombones—Ralph Dailey, Arthur Kees, Walter Wren, Doug Marriott, E. Weston.
 Bases—Ted Galpin, Ray Greere.
 Drums—Clare Oliver, Doug Baird, Don Schnarr, Paul Mills.
 Saxophones—Ron Treitz.



FOR A PERMANENT PEACE

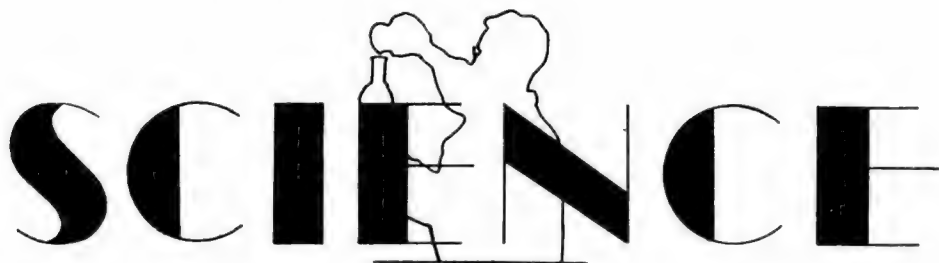
"Never, in past wars, have issues been so fateful for the future of mankind as in the present conflict between the forces of liberty and those of oppression.

"Totalitarian war involves the lives of very citizen in the most intimate way. It can be fought successfully only by those nations which are willing to make the temporary sacrifice of comfort and well-being for the permanent gain of spiritual as well as material security in a world freed from the curse of the recurring danger of war."

DR. JAMES T. SHOTWELL,

Director of Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

(Message prepared for "SATURDAY NIGHT" in connection with the Second Victory Loan)



SCIENCE

EDITOR—JOHN NEWTON, 5A

THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

MICROSCOPES made with glass lenses have limited vision. There are, however, small germs not large enough to block the light waves, and these are seen only with a recent invention. This microscope uses electrons to cast on a screen the image of objects smaller than one-half the wave length of light.

The electrons are given off by a filament of tungsten, electrically heated. The electrons pass through a coil of wire acting as a magnet and the image is focused on a sheet of glass coated with a mineral compound to make it fluorescent. This is done because the eye cannot see electrons, and their effect must be transformed into visible light.

The first electron-microscope was built by Knoll and Ruska at Berlin in 1932.

They could not control the electrical current accurately, and the images used to fade.

Hillier and Prehus made one at Toronto in 1937. Arthur Vance added a great improvement, using a series of vacuum tubes to control the current and focus the image.

This microscope costs about \$10,500. It will magnify a dime until its diameter is one mile. Under it, pneumonia germs take on structural form. Some have thick armour, and others have long hair-like arms. Some even have parasites.

The electron microscope will be used to study the molecular structure of plastics, of the "cold" virus, and of serums. It has a deep future ahead.

GORDON MURPHY, 4B.

MAGNESIUM

MMAGNESIUM is a very light metal which in the form of powder, chips or shavings ignites almost as easily as gasoline and burns with a bright blue-white flame which water will not quench. In the form of bars, sheets or castings it cannot be ignited with a blow torch.

In the divided form it is used in star shells, signal flares, tracer bullets, incendiary bombs, tracer shells, and flash bombs for night photography. In the other form it is used in airplane engines in place of aluminum. It is enough lighter than aluminum that in a four engined bomber the saving would be 360

pounds—a barrel of gasoline or 360 pounds of extra bombs, both very important items.

Manufacturers desire to put this metal to further use but the demand exceeds the supply. At present the Dow Chemical Company is the only producer and it obtains its metal from its brine wells in Michigan.

They began to produce it in 1915 when the supply from Germany was cut off. After the war they experimented with it and parts of pressure cookers, typewriters and the nozzle in a vacuum cleaner are made from it.

When the present war broke out all the wells could produce was 18,000,000 pounds which was barely enough. With increased lease-lend needs the scientists looked to the sea for the metal. After that they looked for a suitable situation for a plant with cheap fuel, plentiful power and lots of limes and a place where the used seawater could not flow back to be used a second time.

The spot located was on a narrow neck of land at Freeport, Texas. There sea water is pumped in one side at the rate of 300,000,000 gallons a day and the waste water emerges on the other side. Near at hand are oyster beds and the shells are burned to form slaked lime. Then the

ocean water is mixed with it and magnesium hydrate is formed. Hydrochloric acid made from the salt is used to treat it and magnesium chloride is formed. This is dried and melted in a gas fired furnace, as natural gas is very plentiful and cheap. An electric current separates the magnesium from the chloride which is piped off for its own uses. The metal is drawn off in a molten state and cast into ingots.

The Dow Company was asked to double its production twice before completing the Freeport plant and the government plans to build some plants of its own whose output is expected to exceed that of Dows'.

DICK FINLAY, 4B.

BERYLLIUM—NEWEST MIRACLE OF METALLURGY

BERYLLIUM has been called the metal that never gets tired. It will withstand terrific punishment where other metals would collapse. Metals often lose their efficiency because of strain at high speeds, and other conditions, but beryllium never gives way to fatigue. Now, many aviation instruments, hospital and factory gauges use springs and diaphragms of beryllium.

The metal was known as early as 1827. It was one-third lighter than aluminum, yet harder than steel. Despite this, it was so brittle that it would shatter when

dropped. Metallurgists struggled for years with berylliums tricky properties. Finally, they made a startling discovery. Two percent of beryllium added to copper made it able to be hardened by heat treatment, like steel. Tested for tensile strength, a rod of the metal, one-half an inch in diameter, lifted twenty tons.

Beryllium has many uses. Though still in the experimental stage, this tireless worker of miracles has a fascinating future.

GEO. MILNE, 5B.

USES OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF ARTILLERY, AEROPLANES AND OTHER MILITARY EQUIPMENT

TO-DAY the British navy is keeping open the sea-lanes to Britain so that supplies of all kinds can get to the islands and when the day comes for the land of-

fensive Britain will be well supplied with tanks, guns, planes and other military equipment which will in the end be the deciding factor in this war.

Canada is making many tanks. The Valentine tanks which are made in the C. P.R. shops at Montreal are very good

tanks and are showing their worth in Russia right now.

A tank similar to the American M-3 tank which everyone sees so many pictures of is being made in Canada for Britain. It is twenty feet long and is made of cast steel. It weighs as much as a railway freight car. Its engines could drive several motor cars. Armed with cannon and machine guns, tanks like these are capable of great offensive power.

The gun industries of Canada are making different types of guns for the defence of this Dominion. There is a new twenty-five pounder field gun which will be no fun for the Nazis to face. Every time it fires twenty-five pounds of high explosives it will deal destruction among the enemy ranks.

Artillerymen at Petawawa also train with howitzers and anti-tank guns which would put an end to any blitz.

Bren machine guns will also be quite capable of mowing down the enemy ranks when the offensive comes.

In the air Germany is now getting a dose of her own medicine. The U.S.A. is sending planes over to England by the hundreds. Such planes as the Consolo-

and Blenheims, and the Vickers Wellington bombers can fly long distances. They can fly to Berlin and drop their bombs and return without stopping.

The fighter planes of Britain have won particular renown. The Spitfires and Hurricanes, the Tomahawks and Defiants have put a stop to the Nazi air offensive long ago.

The anti-aircraft defences of Canada are always in readiness to repel any enemy raider. Huge and powerful searchlights to find the target and then the accurate fast-firing anti-aircraft guns are placed all around the coast of Canada to protect our industries and us.

BILL BROWN, 4B.

BAEKELAND AND BAKELITE

OUR story opens in Belgium, 1878, when fifteen-year-old Leo H. Baekeland entered the University of Ghent. He was a promising student and graduated as a chemistry professor with his doctor's degree. Young Baekeland wasn't interested in the industrial application of his science, and would probably have been content to teach would-be chemists for the rest of his life if it had not been for an unforeseen event. He fell in love with the daughter of another professor. No sooner was he married than he found that two couldn't live as cheaply as one. To support his wife, the young man was forced to desert the classroom and devote his energies to solving the chemical problems of manufacturers.

Then in 1889 Dr. Baekeland did a bold thing. He left Belgium, went to the United States, and settled in Yonkers, New York. There in a small laboratory he performed many research tricks. His best bet at first was a new kind of photographic paper called Velox. But during and after the financial panic of 1893, when he became desperately ill, he found he had not only to make the paper but to educate the public in its usage. This he felt he could not do, so George East-

man bought his patent from him for a cool million dollars.

In 1908 the great chemist, although freed from the shackles of poverty, was no longer a young man. But at the age of forty-five he was more active than ever, and hot on the trail of a new varnish. One day he mixed phenol (carbolic acid) and formaldehyde. Then he heated the thick soup to about 400° F. When the liquid cooled, it became hard and amber-like; furthermore no amount of re-heating would cause the newly-discovered phenotic material to get soft again—it was "thermosetting."

Chemically speaking, the plastic's proper name was "Oxybennyl-Methyl-englycolanhydride", but that tongue-twister would never do! Dr. Baekeland nicknamed it "Bakelite", and proceeded to put it on the market.

Then a few years of patent suits, although all successful, taught him that "one of the evidences of a successful patent is infringement."

By special processing, bakelite can be made indestructible by heat for all ordinary purposes, and a good insulator, but can be made only in dark, rich shades. It has made seventeen million telephones.

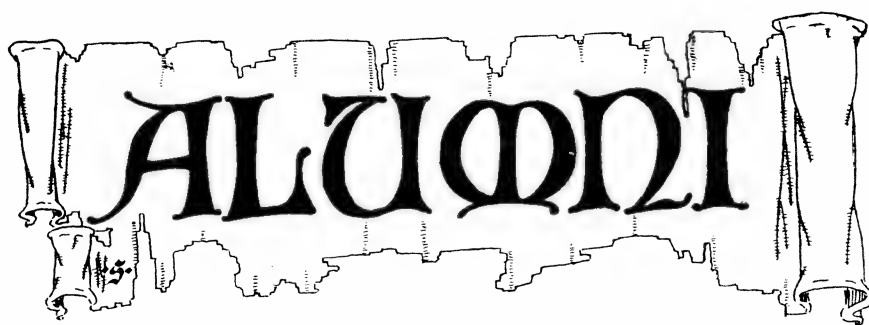
In 1926, Baekeland's patent expired, and was soon pounced upon by other leading firms.

These companies, and the Bakelite Company itself have made many improvements in this first mineral plastic. In this host are many familiar names—Lucite, Plexiglas, Crystalite, Beetleware, Plaskon, Catalin and Durey. The Bakelite Company makes over fifteen thousand articles for thirty-five major industries,

and recently started the manufacture of "plastic" aircraft, made of wood "soaked" with plastics. This enables construction to be increased from two to three thousand per cent.

Meanwhile, Dr. Baekeland, at seventy-nine, rarely misses a day's work. He is firmly established as one of the greatest pioneers in the plastics industry.

N. LUND, 4A.



EDITOR—MILLCENT BAXTER

THE following are ex-students of the past year who have left the school to seek employment, further their educations or to serve in His Majesty's forces. We have made no attempt to list all the ex-students on Active Service and we hope that our readers will bear with us in any unavoidable omissions. We are sincerely sorry if any names have been overlooked.

Jessie Allingham—Western.
Elizabeth Belton—Toronto U.
Robert Bury—Western.
Marcella Côte—London Normal.
Edith Doan—London Normal.
Florence Ellis—London Normal.
Joan Browne—Sarnia Business College.
Pauline Core—Sarnia Business College.
Mildred Greer—London Normal.
Ruth Johnson—Toronto U.
Jerry Langan—St. Peter's Seminary.
Wilfred MacDonald—Western.
John McCart—St. Michael's, Toronto.
Janet McIntyre—Business College.
Ellen Mundy—London Normal.
Ruth Mustard—Toronto U.
Elizabeth Paff—Business College.
Olga Petro—Shaw's Business College.
Margaret Shanks—Toronto U.
Grace Sims—McMaster.

Doris Gallie—Business College.
Dan Gallie—Assumption.
Ernie Weston—Business College.
Mildred Gravelle—Business College.
Virginia Dodds—Business College.
Betty Carter—Sarnia Observer.
Betty Scarrow—Sarnia Hardware.
Ruth Backman—Mueller's.
Hugh Bolton—Liggett's.
John Colotelo—Mueller's.
Audrey Hoover—City Dairy.
Johnny Forbes—C. N. R.
Eleanor Ennett—St. Joseph's, London.
Anna Jamieson—Sole's Drug Store.
Thomas Lester—Taylor's.
Donna Lockyer—Brantford General.
Molly Ann Myers—St. Joseph's, London.
Marjorie Pelling—Toronto General.
Jean Stover—Chatham General.
Kathryn Quinland—Chatham General.

Stewart Walton—Bank.
 Robert Witson—Toronto.
 Richard Young—Canadian Observer.
 Ian Milne—Mueller's.
 Helen Jones—Victoria Hospital, London.
 Lois Walker—National Grocers.
 Jean Thomson—Sarnia General.
 Anne Sing—Auto-Lite.
 Ferne Rintoul—Walkers Ltd.
 Muriel Pringle—Florence Shop (married).
 Betty Crone—Bell Telephone.
 Ivy Logan—Bell Telephone.
 Helen Pinkett—Walker Bros.
 Harvey Patterson—Park Theatre.
 Bernice Ackers — Imperial Collection Agency.
 Charles Clarke—Toronto.
 Jack Durbin—Walker Bros.
 Kathleen Davidson—Walker Bros.
 Patricia Benson—Sarnia Observer.
 Patricia Burd—Auto-Lite.
 Evelyn Curtin—Auto-Lite.
 Evelyn Evans—Bridge Works Office.
 Patsy French—Bury's Studio.
 Violet Ireson—Donohue Law Office.
 Daisy Lapham—Auto-Lite.
 Helen McDermott—McPhillips.
 Gladys McKellar—Metropolitan Office.
 Ruth Mellon—Merchants' Credit Bureau.
 William Miller—Robertson Construc. Co.
 Doris Allingham—Wool Shop.
 Shirley Smith—Pardee, Gurd, Fuller & Taylor.
 Florence Taylor—Canada Bread Office.
 Betty Walker—Auto-Lite.
 Evelyn Williamson—Laidlaw, Belton.
 Betty Wilson—Insurance Adjustor's Office.
 Marilyn Schafer—Ford Office, Detroit.
 Annie Dawson—Laidlaw, Belton.
 Agnes Fleck—Industrial Bank.
 Jean Giffin—Kilbreath's.
 Betty Hoover—International Farmer Office, Chatham.
 June Lawrence—Bank of Montreal.
 Phyllis Lovel—Toronto.
 Irene Martin—Bell Telephone Co.
 Reta Tyrie—Logan & Logan Office.
 Helen Nicholson—Bank of Nova Scotia.
 Jack Goodal—National Grocers.
 Mabel Ellie—Civil Service, Ottawa.

Jessie Russell—Alma College.
 Doreen Carter—Fort Erie Aeroplane Co.
 Merle MacFarlane—Sarnia General.
 Ferne Marsh—Sarnia General.
 Dorothy Marriott—Sarnia General.
 Eileen Estabrook—Silverwood's.
 Matilda Evers—Auto-Lite.
 Doris Gale—McGowan's.
 Walter Kelly—Garage.
 Dorothy Leckie—Sarnia General.
 Mildred Stuchberry—Eaton's.
 Leonard Allingham—Wise's Machine Shop.
 Verlin Bruner—Lewis the Cleaner.
 Doris Walker—Auto-Lite.
 Rena Guthrie—Kresge's.
 Betty Stewart—Stirrett's.
 Clarice Bedard—Windsor School.
 Eloise Tredwell—Business College.

AT IMPERIAL

Lorna Dauphinee, Joe Ehman, Ellen Foster, Bill Jarvis, Fred Kumsky, Robin LeSueur, Marion Rigsby, Neil Ruberry, Jean Sing, Mary Stirrett, Isaac Zierler, Margaret MacDonald, Don Park, Joe Neely, Nancy Ahern, Isabelle McCrae, Helen MacKenzie, Janet Hayes, Ross Goring, Annie Clysdale, Helen Hutcheson, Norma Brown, Betty Isbister, Betty Pontefract, Stefan Oskobojny, Charles Ruberry, Peggy Clunie, Malcolm Nichols, Patricia Russell, Ted Galpin, Paul Mills.

AT HOME

Frances Ketley, Dorothy Johnson, Jeanette LeNeve, Robert Sharpe, Marion Dietz, Jean Smith.

WORKING OR AT HOME

Stewart Thomas, Don Barclay, George Davidson, John Munroe, Arthur Gander, Allan Clift, Howard Hurst, Jack Kendall, Ken Porter, Stewart Thomas, Gloria Cushman, Alex Fulton, John Lewis, Lillian Sharpe, Lloyd Graham.

TIME RIDES ON

Automobile Improvements—
 1940—No running boards.
 1941—No gear shift.
 1942—No tires.
 1943—No cars.

THE COLLEGIATE





EDITOR—MABEL DEMPSEY

FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

On Thursday morning, October eighth, began Freshy's day—planned by the Boys' Athletic Executive.

There they were—our Freshies in short wee trousers, shorter socks, and bright green neck bows—but big! The back doors were in use all day.

In the evening, after an invigorating initiation, games were played, and a special pillow fight staged by Freshmen teachers Mr. Hawley and Mr. Garbet.

At the close of the eventful day the polish faced youngsters ambled cheerfully home munching at their ice cream bars.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

Traditional ceremonies for "Freshettes' Day" on October fifteenth, started off with a groan from those unlucky newcomers, and a grin from the rest of us.

The freshettes "consented" to wear the ridiculous garbs planned for them by the Girls' Athletic Association, and gave a good showing of long dresses, old fashioned hats, big baskets, and ankle-rolled hose. Oh! and we can't forget those great big

green bows tied cunningly at the chin!

In the evening, after such a fine show of school spirit, came the trouncing. Then, that being done, the senior girls entertained until refreshments were served. Everyone joined in the Noos March and finally ice cream bars were distributed marking the end of the twenty-second annual Freshettes' Reception—enjoyed by all!

RUGBY DANCE

"Business comes before pleasure" and so it was on Friday, October thirty-first.

After a thrilling game studded with cheer-leaders and two bands, a large crowd gathered at the school for a dance sponsored by the Senior Rugby team in honour of Port Huron High.

Mr. O'Donohue and Mr. Rogin were

the popular patrons of the evening.

Music was supplied by the Nickelodian and in intermission, an auction of the records was conducted by Ted Galpin. Everyone from first form to fifth had a good time.

Here's to more like it!

THE COLLEGIATE

THE AT HOME

The gala event of the Yuletide season was the annual At Home, held on the evening of December twenty-ninth.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kenny, Dr. and Mrs. Logie, Dr. and Mrs. Hartley.

A new colorful and patriotic decorating scheme was carried out this year, and delightful music was under the direction of

Jack Kennedy. Corsages were "taboo".

Refreshments were served during intermission. The Grand March followed, lead by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, during which gay favours were distributed among the guests.

The committee under the chairmanship of Ted Galpin is to be congratulated on a most successful dance.

T. J. C. HOP

On the evening of December fifth a delightful sorority hop was presented by members of the ever popular T. J. C. Club.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Newton.

Music for the evening was supplied by the "Royal Collegians" and they are to be thanked for helping to make it a most successful dance.

All proceeds were donated to the "Queen's Fund".

CADET DANCE

On the evening of May thirtieth, after a most successful cadet inspection, was held the annual Cadet Dance.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, and Mr. and Mrs. O'Donohue.

Cadets and their dates danced from nine o'clock until twelve to the smooth music of the Royal Collegians.

So ended another social year in the calendar of the S.C.I. and T.S.—a very happy year for all of us.

* * *

And to all of you who will be here for other school years, we who are leaving say: "May you have all the pleasures we have shared during our years here. Here's to many more like them!—for you."



DEBATING CLUB

Back row—Sam Stubbs, L. Passingham, Norma MacKinley, Florence McGugan, Peggy Christie, Alberta Finch, David Zierler, Ted Galpin.

Front row—Pauline Slater, Nancy LeSueur, Mary Paton, Joan Fraser (Pres.), Margot Lusby, Janet Helliwell, Joanne Brown, Joyce Finch.



EDITOR—CATHRINE CAMPBELL

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING

This year, because of the war, and the shortage of gasoline, the S.C.I. & T. S. did not enter the W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Contest. However, there were held inter-form contests, with shields going to the winners.

Shirley Morrison, first in the Senior Girls' division, won the Walker Bros. Shield. Ted Galpin, first in the Senior Boys' division, won the St. Clair Motors' Shield. Among the Junior Girls, Joan. John and Mary Jamieson tied. Both were eligible for the Neal Baking Co.

Shield. As the best Junior Boy speaker, Brims won the Harry N. Phillips' Shield. These shields will be retained for only one year. Then they must be yielded to the new winners.

Under the tutorship of T. Galpin, and the leadership of Mr. Watson, the Debating Club is functioning well. Meetings are held regularly every week, where are discussed zestfully various topics. Our masculine ruled club is slowly giving way to the fairer sex. J. Fraser is president this year.

COMMENCEMENT

THE Annual Commencement Exercises this year were held on the afternoon of Friday, December 19, at 2.15 o'clock. In the school auditorium had gathered parents and friends of those attending the S.C.I. and T.S. Prior to the actual commencement exercises, the Senior School Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. W. E. Brush, rendered several musical selections opening the programme itself with the Overture, "The Benefactor" by Heed.

Opening remarks were given by Mr. W. H. Kenny, chairman of the Sarnia Board of Education. Mr. Kenny thanked

the teachers for their co-operation during the year, and welcomed all graduates of the school and parents who were attending Commencement Exercises. A brief review of school activities of 1941 was given by Mr. F. C. Asbury.

Orchids this year go to Ruth L. Johnston who walked off with no less than three Scholarship Awards for her high standing in the Upper School Departmental Examinations of June, 1941. She received the Charles Auger Alumni Memorial Scholarship awarded by Victoria College, Toronto, with the possible total value of \$900.00. From Tor-

THE COLLEGIATE

onto University she received the Edward Blake Scholarship in French and Latin, of the value of \$105.00. Added to these two for her outstanding ability, she received the first Carter Scholarship for Lambton County for the value of \$100.00. This year Ruth Johnston is continuing her studies at the University of Toronto. Keep up the good work!

Another scholarship winner, Jessie M. Allingham received the University of Western Ontario Scholarship for high standing in six Upper School papers of a possible total value of \$350.00. Also she received a Special Scholarship of the value of \$125.00, awarded by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

For outstanding ability in the Middle School Departmental Examinations, Samuel E. Stubbs received the D. M. Grant Scholarship of the value of \$50.00.

Mr. W. J. Southcombe awarded the Certificates of distinction and Honour Emblems to the pupils with the highest standing in each form. These are donated by the teaching staff.

This year, the valedictory address was

ably given by Ruth Johnston. Speaking on behalf of the 1941 graduates, her address proved to be most helpful and interesting.

Diplomas were presented to the Commercial, Technical and Collegiate graduates. A presentation was also given of the Field Day Awards and the House League Rugby Awards. Both the Senior and Junior Rugby Teams carried off honours by winning the W.O.S.S.A. Championship in each division. These awards were given by Mr. L. H. Davies, Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools' Association.

During the programme, special musical selections were given by the School Orchestra, with a cello solo "Cantabile" by Betty Foster and an euphonium solo "Serenade" by Douglas Shanks.

At the close of the commencement exercises, a reception was held for graduates, their parents, members of the Board of Education and the Advisory Vocational Committee, the Teaching Staff and the coaches and members of the Championship Rugby Teams in the Upper Hall.



Mary Trusler: Every time you come to see me it rains.

Archie: That makes me your little rainbeau.

* * * *

Mr. O'Donohue: What are the names of the bones in your hand?

McKinley: Dice, sir.

* * * *

Would you give 10 cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?

What! Are they out again?

* * * *

Mr. Langan: Jim Hunt certainly has a high I. Q.

Mr. Ritchie: You mean Infuriating Quality, don't you?

* * * *

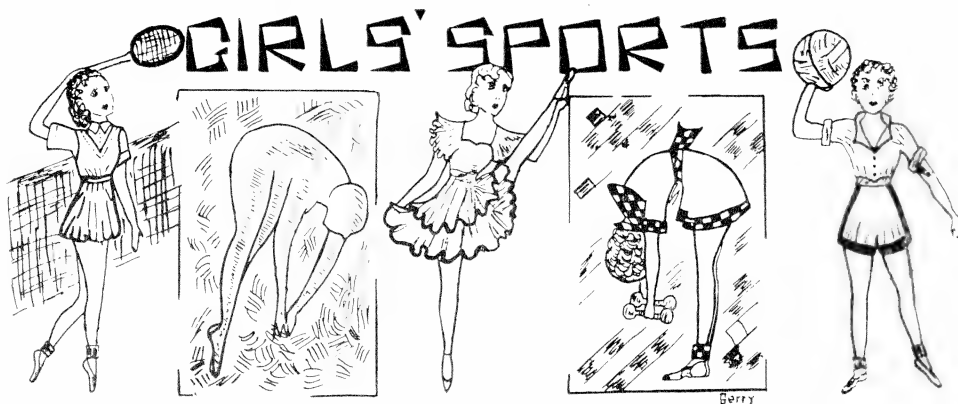
Know what an Old Maid is?

A "yes" woman who was never allowed to talk.

* * * *

Mr. Dennis: I trust I make myself plain.

Digger Dowding: Nature attended to that.



EDITOR—CATHERINE WEIR

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND EXECUTIVE

THE 1941-2 Girls' Athletic Executive headed by the Honorary Presidents, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramesden and Miss Brown; President, Ruby Crawford; and Vice-President, Diana McIntyre, is a very busy organization. The Secretary, Audrey Ward; Treasurer, Millicent Baxter; and eight curators form the rest of the executive. These curators are: Swimming, Isobel Miller, track and field, Shirley Morrison; softball, Mary Jones; speedball, Catherine Weir; badminton, Mary Margaret Glaab; basketball, Rose Mary Page; volley-ball, Lillian Cook; dancing, Audrey Kirby.

This group keeps the monthly records of the girls' gym work, supervises the various games which are held after school, and plans parties for the winning teams. At these parties each girl on the team that came first, is given a crest to sew on her gym rompers. Then, in the next assembly, Mr. Asbury presents the pennants to the captains.

While waiting for their game to be played, the players work on a shelter rug which will be used in an air-raid shelter during cold nights. Many of the girls have brought woollen scraps from home to cut up into strips and put in the warm thick rug. Two already, have been sent to England, and a third will soon be finished. Another way that the S.C.I. & T. S. girls have been helping in this war, is

by sending much needed sugar, in the form of chocolate bars, to a girls' school in Glasgow. Every girl here brings a nickel a week for the Chocolate Fund. We have received grateful letters from these Scottish friends, and some girls carry on a regular correspondence with them.

GYM WORK

Girls who have done exceptionally well in gym work are awarded proficiency crests. The following received crests: Evelyn Baxter, Joanne Brown, Betty Cook, Joan Daphinee, Frances Elder, Matilda Evers, Betty Foster, Audry Hoover, Ruth Johnston, Mary Jones, Nancy LeSueur, Dora MacKenzie, Jean MacKinlay, Florence McGugan, Isobel Miller, Peggie Milne, Ruth Mustard, Olga Petro, Margaret Sinclair, Beverley Stone, Donna Sumner, Catherine Weir.

After a girl has earned three proficiency crests, she is given a Second "S". Last year, Evelyn Baxter and Ruth Mustard received these.

The most prized award of all, is the first "S" which is given to the girl having the best gym record for the year. Last year, this Senior All-Round Championship was won by Matilda Evers. Two other girls with a high standing were: Mary Jones, who received a second "S" by winning the Intermediate All-Round Championship, and Joanne Brown who



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back row—Isabel Miller, Lillian Cook, Mary Jones, Miss Brown, Miss Ramsden, Rosemary Page, Mary Margaret Glaab, Catherine Weir.
Front row—Diane McIntyre, Audrey Ward, Ruby Crawford, Millicent Baxter, Audrey Kirby, Shirley Morrison.

received a medal for the Junior Championship. Congratulations girls, and best of luck!

FIELD DAY

A great many girls took part in the Field Day even though it was postponed twice because of rain. In the Senior group, C4 came first, 4A second, and Special Com. third. 2A headed the Intermediates with 2D second, and 2B third. The Junior winners were: 1.7(1), 1.11(1), and 1.10(2).

SOFTBALL

Softball, as always, was a very popular sport. For the Seniors C4 was first, with 3A second, and 4B third. The Intermediate winners were 2A, 2C, and V2B, and for the Juniors 1.10(1) was first, 1.8(1) second, and 1.7(2) third.

SPEEDBALL

This year's speedball competition was really close. After many exciting games C4 won the Senior pennant, with 4A second, and 3C third. In the Intermediate group, V2B was first, 2A second, and 2C, third. In place of speedball, first formers played Danish Rounders. In this competition, the winners were 1.8(2), 1.9(1), and 1.7(2).

BADMINTON

There was keen interest in the badminton games this year as several ties had to be broken. The Seniors' final results were: 5th first, 3A second and 3B third. For the Intermediates 2A(1) came first, 2A(2) second and 2C third. Instead of badminton first formers play Deck Tennis with 1.10(2) first, 1.12(1) second and 1.7(1) third.

BASKETBALL

Of all the games we play at school, the most popular is basketball. Almost every form had an enthusiastic team, while 1.8 had three teams. The Senior winners were 4A, 4B and 3C. In the Intermediate group 2A came first, V2A second and 2C(2) third. For the Juniors 1.12(1) was first, 1.7 second, and 1.8(3) third. at the basketball party, two Watford teams visited us. Their Senior team

played 4A and after an exciting game defeated them 8-7. The Junior team, however, was beaten by 2A, 27-8.

SWIMMING

A new system for the swimming competition has been arranged. Usually the pennant went to the form with the best swimming record for the year. Now, however, the form with the best record for the month receives this pennant.



GIRLS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPS

Standing—Mary Jones.

Seated—Mathilda Evers, Joanne Brown.

LIFE SAVING

Last year's life saving class was very popular, and with Miss Ramsden's help many girls were able to improve their life saving. Of all the high schools in Ontario, the S.C.I. & T.S. won the greatest number of awards. Keep up the good work! The following girls received awards:

Elementary Certificate—Joanne Brown,

Betty Cook, Frances Elder, Olga Petro, Olivia Tozer, Jean MacKinlay, Margaret Sinclair, Beth Huntley, Mary Jones, Catherine Weir, Nancy LeSueur, Joan Dauphinee, Donna Sumner, Betty Foster, Janet Helliwell, Ruth McCracken, Dora MacKenzie, Edythe Williams, Florence McGugan, Beverley Stone.

Intermediate Certificate — Joanne

THE COLLEGIATE

Brown, Frances Elder, Joan Dauphinee, Olivia Tozer, Catherine Weir, Beverley Stone, Olga Petro, Betty Foster, Mary Jones, Donna Sumner, Jean MacKinlay, Betty Cook, Louise Prangle, Ruth Jarvis, Edythe Williams, Florence McGugan, Margaret Sinclair, Janet Helliwell.

Bronze — Joan Dauphinee, Olivia Tozer, Catherine Weir, Beverley Stone,

Olga Petro, Frances Elder, Mary Jones, Donna Sumner, Audrey Ward, Isobel Miller.

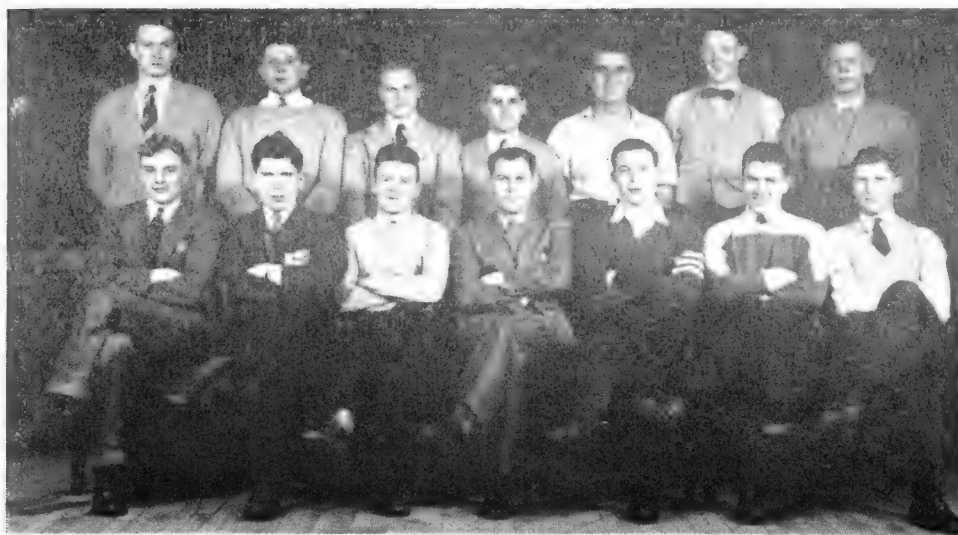
First Class Instructor—Nancy Aherne, Ruth Mustard.

Silver—Audrey Ward, Diana McIntyre, Isobel Miller.

Bar to Silver—Ruth Mustard, Ella Cruickshank.



EDITOR—DOUG. POLE



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back row—Ian Rutherford, Dick Kirby, Stan Campbell, Don Fraser, George Smith, Leo MacLean, John Newton.

Front Row—Bill Pearson, Ted Galpin, Jack Suhler, Mr. O'Donohue, Harry Parr, Doug. Pole, Doug. MacKinlay.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

Mr. Rogin organized and sponsored the most successful interform sports program the school has ever seen, this year. The teams played two hundred and five games in the boys' gymnasium during the noon hours. The gym gallery was usually packed to capacity with eager student spectators.

In the league play-offs the 5B Roughriders nosed out the T3 Allstars to take the Senior Championship. In the senior first and second form league the 2D

Stooges defeated the highly favoured T2A Smiths; the 1-1 Bearcats were acclaimed champions of the senior first form league; while the 2C Clippers coped the juvenile title from the 2D Demons in an overtime game.

The boys of the school certainly appreciate Mr. Rogin's tireless efforts to make this monster league the success it was, and will look forward with much interest to next season.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back row—Don Hamilton, Leo MacLean, Mr. W. Rogin, I. Bayduck, Ian Rutherford, Bill Dawson.

Front row—Doug. Pole, Harold Henry, Maury Cote, Jim Smith, Harry Parr.

SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

The Senior Wossa Basketball team, coached by Mr. Rogin, was one of the most aggressive the school has produced. The team, captained by popular Don Hamilton, easily won their group championship from Chatham and Leamington,

and most of their numerous exhibition games. In the Wossa Basketball Tournament held in London on Saturday, March 28, the seniors lost out by a slim margin, but were rated the most aggressive quintet in the competition.

Friday, Jan. 9, 1942—Western Colts 18; Sarnia 16. After a thrilling thirty-two minutes of play the locals bowed to the more experienced Western Colts 18-16. Don Hamilton and "Potsy" Parr showed up as the two outstanding players on the floor.

Monday, Jan. 19—Sarnia 18; Chatham 17. Paced by Ian "Paunchy" Rutherford, our boys finally won out 18-17. "Maj." Bayduk, "Mouse" Cote and Don Hamilton played good ball for the locals.

Friday, Jan. 3, 1942—Sarnia 32; Leamington 27. Leamington returned home today on the short end of a 32-27 score. The outcome of this thriller was not decided until the last remaining seconds, when "Maj." Bayduk sunk a couple of sensational field goals. "Mouse" Cote garnered 10 points for Sarnia.

Friday, Feb. 6, 1942—Sarnia 28; Chatham Voc. 15. Using a highly effective zone defense the locals emerged from the game with a 28-15 victory thanks to great defensive play by "Paunchy" Rutherford and the offensive power of "Potsy" Parr and "Mouse" Cote.

Friday, Feb. 13, 1942—Leamington—Sarnia 42; Leamington 23. "Maj." Bayduk was the best for the locals with eleven points, although "Mouse" and "Potsy" gave him a lot of support. After the game the boys were entertained by the girls of Leamington High School, at a most enjoyable dance. "Mouse" Cote and "Red" MacLean will tell you that Leam-

ington is really okay. "Nose" Hamilton was also cutting a mean rug with a certain blonde all evening, it was reported via the grape-vine.

Chatham Collegiate Defaults, Feb. 18, 1942.

Friday, Feb. 27, 1942—Sarnia—Sarnia 36; Chatham Voc. 14. For the second consecutive year the Senior W. O. S. S. A. basketball team captured the group championship by defeating Chatham Vocational 35-14. "Potsy" Parr, "Nose" Hamilton and "Paunchy" Rutherford were the standouts for the seniors, while "Red" MacLean, Jim Smith, Bill Dawson and Harold Henry added able support to the victory.

W. O. S. S. A. TOURNAMENT— MARCH 28, LONDON

In the morning the seniors dropped a heart-breaker to London Central's ex-Golden Ghosts by a score of 33 to 25. In the afternoon the local seniors came back and defeated Brantford C. I. 50-32 in a fast game. Big Don Hamilton was the star of this game when he racked up 24 points.

The Senior Team—

R. Guard—Ian Rutherford

L. Guard—"Potsy" Parr

Centre—Don Hamilton

R. Forward—Maury Cote

L. Forward—"Maj." Bayduk

Alternates—Leo. MacLean, Jim Smith, Bill Dawson, Harold Henry and Doug Pole.

TRACK AND FIELD

This year's track and field meet was held on three separate days due to averse weather conditions. The meet began on Oct. 9 and finished in the afternoons of Oct. 17th and 23rd. Despite the irregular schedule for the events the field day was a marked success. Keen competition was seen in all divisions by the crowds of

students who turned out to witness the trials in speed, jumping, etc.

Track and Field Champions:

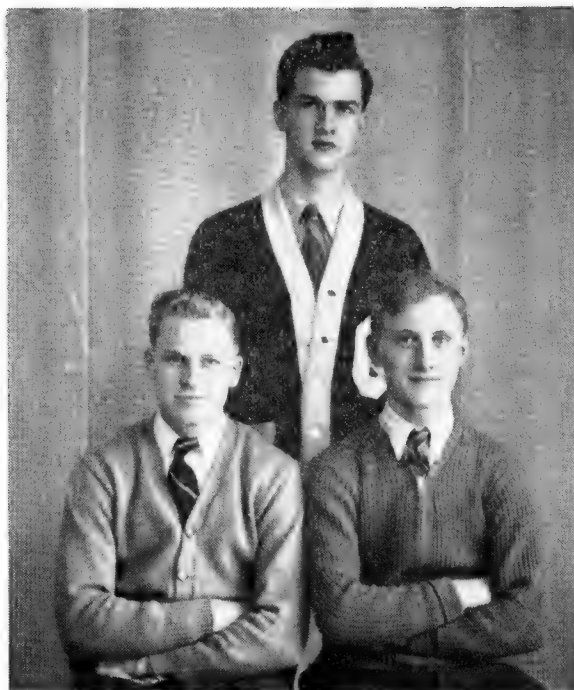
Senior—Stan. Campbell

Intermediate—Ken. Palmer

Junior—Neil Craig

Juvenile—W. Moore and D. Gray were tied.

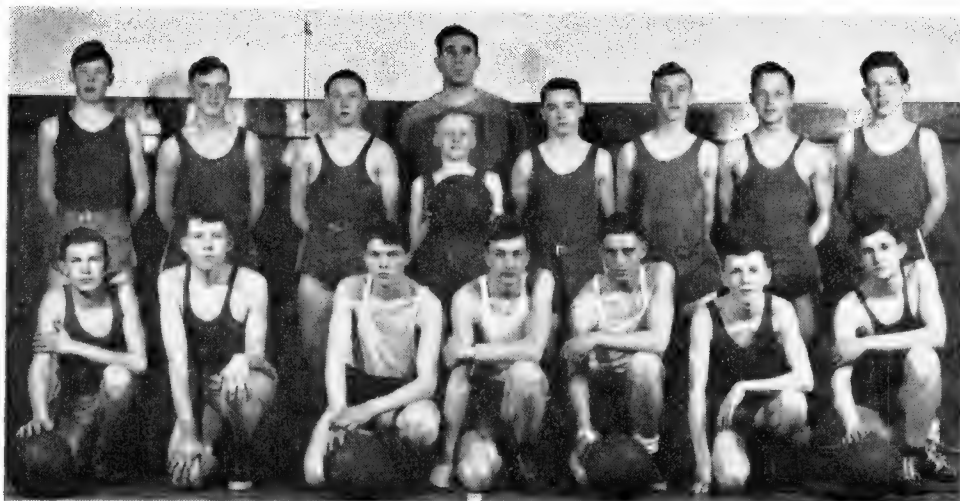




FIELD-DAY CHAMPS
Standing—Ken Palmer.
Seated—Stan. Campbell, Neil Craig.
Absent—Wes. Moore, Doug. Grey.



SWIMMING CHAMPS
Walt. Nichols, Dave Kilbreath
Absent—McClintock, Clarke, Knowles, Sinclair



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back row—N. Anderson, N. Craig, R. Eagleson, W. Moore, Mr. Rogin (coach), D. Kilbreath (capt.), Dan Brown, Leo Gladdy, R. Galpin.

Front row—Ted Berry, W. Sands, H. Hall, A. Brown, B. Mattingley, D. McRae, Jim Nesbitt.

JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

Friday, Jan. 23, 1942 — Chatham — Chatham Collegiate 20; Sarnia 11. The school youngsters dropped a 20 to 11 decision to their taller opponents. Dave Kilbreath and Dave McCrae were the big guns of the Sarnia attack, while Ted Berry stood out on the defensive.

Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1942—Sarnia—Sarnia 25; Chatham Collegiate 11. A packed gallery witnessed the much smaller local boys defeat the confident Chatham five 25-11, thus winning the round 36-31 and capturing the district honors.

W. O. S. S. A. TOURNAMENT—

March 28 — London

St. Jerome's College of Kitchener fur-

nished the opposition for the locals in this game. The final score was 33-32. Hadley Hall, who joined the team for this game helped the two starry Daves in their dogged attempt to oust the Kitchenier quint. In the consolation event with the London Central Juniors our juniors lost out by a score of 40-28.

The Junior Team:

L. Guard—T. Berry

R. Guard—N. Craig

Centre—D. McCrae

L. Forward—D. Kilbreath

R. Forward—N. Anderson

Alternates: W. Moore, G. Nisbett, D. Brown, L. Gladdy, H. Hall.

BOYS' ALL ROUND CHAMPS

After a very successful point system last year under the auspices of Messieurs Rogin and O'Donohue the following boys were successful in topping their respective divisions. A most interesting phase of the competition was a wrestling bout between Maj. McClintock and Charlie Clarke.

The Senior Championship rested on the outcome of this battle. Clarke was the successful combatant.

Juvenile—Jack Karn.

Junior—Dave Kilbreath

Intermediate—Stan. Campbell

Senior—Charlie Clarke

SIGNALLING TEAM

BOB PHILLIPS

With the more intensive Cadet training programme, due to the war, great emphasis has been placed on signalling as a specialized skill, requiring many months of practice to become proficient. The form of army procedure has been adopted in Cadet training so that the transition from cadet work to military, can be easily made and the basic training received is of immediate value.

The Signalling team this year consists

of 16 selected members and they have been practicing faithfully each Friday in preparation for the Moyer Cup competition. Mr. W. D. B. Ritchie is the supervisor and Lt. Bob Phillips will be captain of the team for competition purposes.

Graduates of signalling teams of previous years have now found their place in the Signal Sections of the Army, Air Force and Navy.



SIGNALLING TEAM

Back row—J. Leckie, A. Campbell, Don Shanks, Bob Phillips, Ted Dennis, Bob Smith, Eric Yare.

Front row—B. McKegnie, R. Mechin, Elgin Thompson, Doug Shanks, Roger Butler, B. Robbins.



Mr. Marcy: Even bees know more geometry than you people. They built their combs according to geometrical figures.

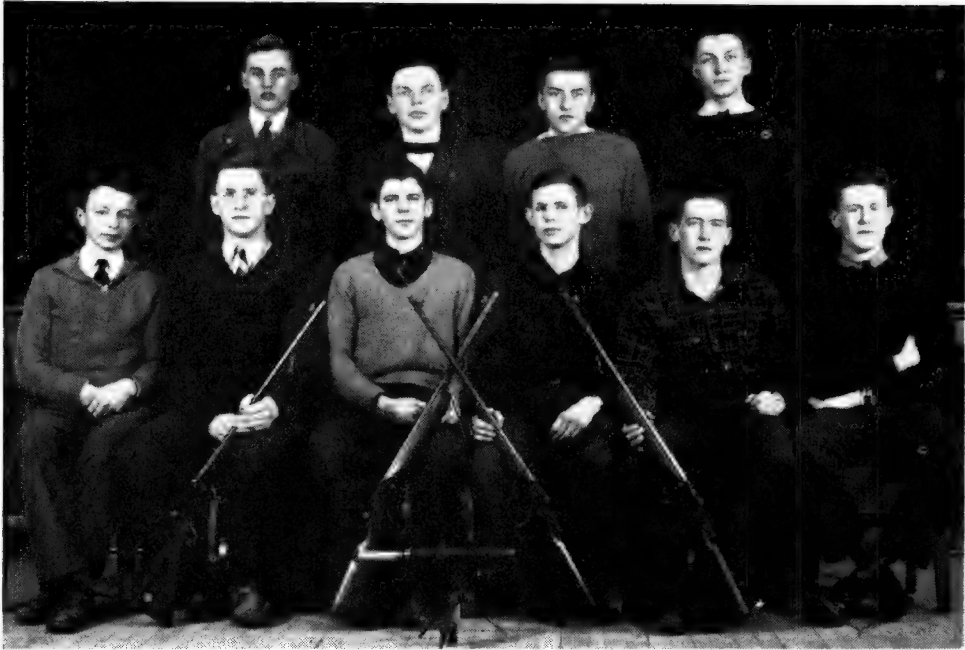
Murphy (innocently): Why do they build a comb anyway?

Mr. M.: Where would they put their honey then?

Cruickshank: In a pail!

* * * *

The Greeks had a word for it that would make your hair stand up on its hind legs.



RIFLE TEAM

Back row—Bill Pearson, Bob Andrew, Archie Campbell, E. Bice.

Front row—Roger Butler, Bill Dawson, Fred Newton, John Newton, Bob Phillips, Ted Dennis.

SHOOTING

In the annual winter competition of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the rifle teams were very successful. The Special Gold Medal was won by R. Phillips, with John Newton winning the First Class Silver Medal. Second Class Medals were won by Fred Newton, Bill Dawson, H. Hansen, R. M. Butler, N. Harkas, E. Bice, H. Henry, D. MacKinlay, N. Anderson, G. Beer, Bob Andrew, W. Petch, A. Young and T. Dennis.

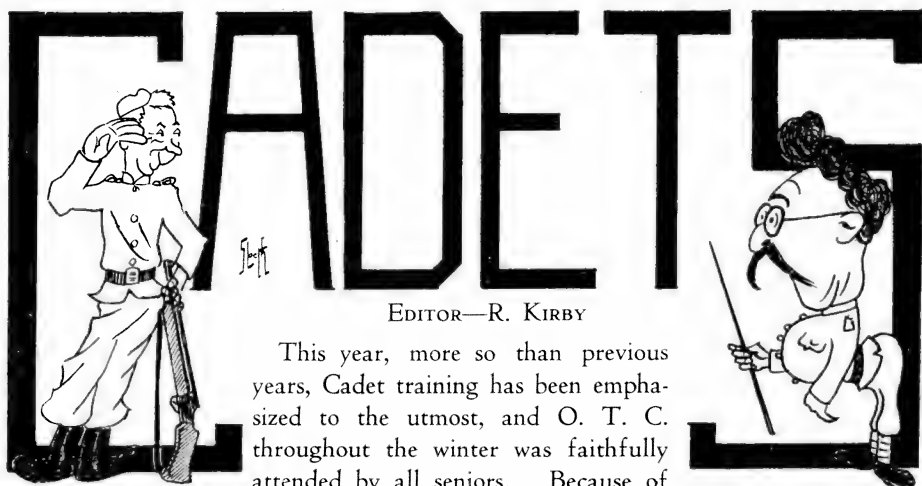
In the Royal Military Competition the team did very well. This year F. Newton won the Lord Strathcona Silver Medal with a score of 263, John Newton came second with 262 and Bill Dawson and Bob Andrew third, each with 261. Bill Dawson won it last year.

In 1941 a team consisting of J. Newton, Fred Newton, Bill Dawson and Joe Ehman and a team of girls attended a match at Long Branch at which they won over \$50.00 in cash.

HONOUR ROLL

SGT.-PILOT DONALD MACGREGOR—Reported killed in plane crash in England, May 11, 1942.

Our Honour Roll page had already gone to press when the news of Don's tragic death reached his parents.



EDITOR—R. KIRBY

This year, more so than previous years, Cadet training has been emphasized to the utmost, and O. T. C. throughout the winter was faithfully attended by all seniors. Because of

the failure of a good attendance in the past, the annual church parade was omitted this year. However, the cadet corps participated in a successful Victory Loan Parade.

At 1.30 on the afternoon of May 29 a short route march began from the campus, to the city hall where the salute was taken and on around the city. On returning to the campus, the cadets performed their various tasks, and made an excellent showing of P.T. work. Under a heavy and threatening sky, inspecting officer, Maj. W. Aiken, G.S.O. III of Military District 1, London, who in his talk to the cadets, gave high recommendation to the ability and demonstration of the corps.

Outstanding in the afternoon's events were the Signalling and First Aid Demonstrations, the presentation of pins to the officers and the medal awards to the school marksmen.

Ending the activities of the afternoon was the annual officer's banquet held at Del's. Attending were Mr. D. O'Donohue, Mr. H. Rogin, Maj. Newton and Capt. Galpin, who joined with the officers in having the best of good times.

As a result of much steady and strenuous work the corps placed fourth in the London District in general proficiency.

CADET OFFICERS 1941

O. C.—J. Forbes

Adj.—S. Carson

R.S.M.—B. Thompson

"A" Company

O.C.—R. Kirby

Plat. 1st—D. MacKinlay

2nd—D. Hamilton

3rd—R. Clarke

C.S.M.—D. Ross

Sgt.—A. MacKinlay

Sgt. B. Guttridge

Sgt.—M. Ellinor

"B" Company

O.C.—D. Teskey

Plat. 1st—J. Ehman

2nd—W. Cameron

3rd—A. Barry

C.S.M.—L. McLean.

Sgt.—B. Ehman

Sgt.—I. Rutherford

Sgt.—L. McClintock

"C" Company

O.C.—H. Hurst

Plat. 1st—G. Davidson

2nd—A. Skelton

3rd—J. Arnold

C.S.M.—R. Phillips

Sgt.—B. Andrew

Sgt.—J. Kendall

Sgt.—D. Palmer

Res. Lieut.—J. Parr

Res. Sgt.—J. Suhler, S. Stubbs, J. New-

ton, F. Kumsky

Orderly Sgt.—D. Fraser

Quot. Lieut.—R. Murray

Quot. Sgt.—P. Paton

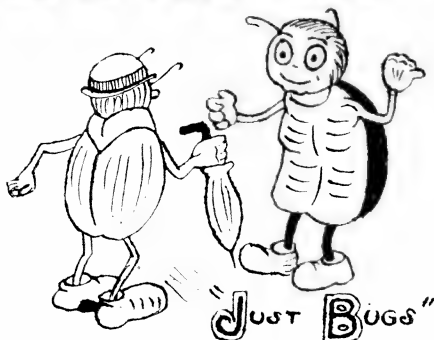
Band Lieut.—R. Bury

THE MARCH OF GRIME

Volume XLI.

Number 1942

Umpteenth
Annual
Edition



Price—Less

Weather:
Ghastly, Isn't It?

By
Ed. I. Tor

STUDENTS' LOCKER PADLOCKS VANISH!

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

—OWNERS ARE PERPLEXED

Sarnia, March 19.—Flash! Upon returning to their lockers after another boring period, many of our fair co-eds were stunned to find their padlocks missing. A frantic search ensued but narry a trace of said padlocks could be uncovered.

Unsuspecting students, ambling through the halls, were suddenly seized upon by their locker-mates and cross-examined, but to no avail. Great was the consternation and still the padlocks were unfound!

Came Assembly and with it the shocking details of the whereabouts of the pilfered padlocks. A certain Mr. A. was caring for them in his office, and in order to keep them longer, required each

guilty owner to write out one hundred lines!

The indignation of the students was terrific. Many curses and groans were to be heard in the rear of the Assembly.

After scribbling out their quota, the gals, suffering from cramps in the hand, retrieved their precious padlocks which they found arrayed in fine style all over the desk of that certain Mr. A.

Great was the gnashing of teeth, but believe you us, padlocks are now kept locked!

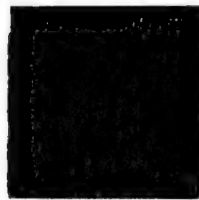
NOTICE!

Renew your false teeth NOW.
Ivory will soon be rationed.

—I. Tuskum.

SHORT, SHORT STORY

The summoning voice fell on his ears like the sound of a death knell. Slowly he got up and walked with faltering step. Each inch he advanced brought him nearer to his doom and humiliation. Again the voice boomed, but it fell on unheeding ears. He walked with head drooped and downcast eyes. Ever nearer he approached. Finally, he reached his goal. Then he snatched the gum out of his mouth and threw it in the basket.



Picture of a certain 4A red-head visiting a certain 3A red-head. Where's Bindle, Bill?

Patriotic Slogan

All out for victory . . .
on Sadie Hawkins' Day!

New Year's Eve slogan:
"Thirst come, thirst served!"

Lost and Found

LOST—Miss Wilton's voice for two or three weeks, resulting in fewer detentions.

LOST—One cap and gown by a graduated cylinder.

FOUND—A lovely singing voice by one fair "Blondie" during the time of Annual Antics. Better take it back where it came from Megan!

FOUND—Another new slogan by Miss Martin (they're her specialty, you know). "He who relaxes helps the Axis."—How true.

College Girl's War Cry—
Two Arms! Two Arms!

In the Spring an old maid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . . MEN!

AN AMAZING REVELATION!

Spare in Biology Lab. Now

Told to All and Sundry

The ordinary "spare" begins about five minutes after the bell has rung. At this time the students begin to stagger in; the girls always first. By the time the boys arrive every chair is occupied and the poor males have to sit on stolls, much to the detriment of their posterior epidermis.

For some unknown reason the females outnumber the males about five to one. It may be that they take Biology to satisfy their love of dissecting things and people. They not only dissect poor helpless preserved frogs and fish, but they pick their friends and teachers apart bit by bit. The one or two boys in the room are separated from the women, or should I say girls, by an aquarium, wherein green and slimy monsters roam.

As a rule three or four conversations are carried on at the one time. One hears: Isn't Miss—what colour—terrible—seven come eleven—I simply loath—a frog's back—her subject is—green and darkly spotted—who won the basketball game at Timington Friday—a fish's right eye—come on, little Joe—and such diverse expressions.

The conversation rages on. In one corner a boy is trying to play craps and do geometry at the same time. Across the table another boy is rolling the dice behind an elaborate shield of books. Farther up the table the choir is in full swing, each person singing in different tune. At the farthest end a gorgeous blond is trying to blow up the lungs of a frog who, dismembered, lies before her.

A door creaks, a sudden flurry of books, all becomes silent except for the burping of the frogs. In walks Mr. Treitz, lord and master of those silent toilers before him. He has lost his notebook and suspects one of the worthies before him of having taken it. "Ah, there it is, behind

the snakes," and with a bland smile he walks out.

No sooner has the door closed than excited exclamations breakout—"He nearly caught me—what an escape—whose roll—eighter from Dak-tar. Appear once more—the ivories, the latest copy of Life, a Reader's Digest and a copy of Andrea del Sarto, and the Noise breaks out anew.

In all too short a time the bell rings, the room becomes empty except for the poor disector vainly trying to put away the tools of her trade in time for the next class.

Thus ends the spare in the biology lab.—J. W. Newton.

VISITORS' GUIDE FOR S. C. I. & T. S.

We students are very proud of our noble halls of learning. We want people to come and visit them. Because of this, we are publishing a small guide for the convenience of prospective visitors, possibly by reason of custom, for this is done, we understand, even in shell factories.

Stepping through the west door, you will in a moment find yourself outside Room 109. The big grin therein is owned by our Mr. Durnford, and is directed toward that girls' form which you will also notice, if you are human. Once past, you may be assured that you hear no machine-gun practice, but merely Mr. Graham's typing class down the lateral. In Room 108 Miss Burriss will be describing her broken arm to a goggling commercial class. As a warning, the cough behind you, outside 110's door, is simply the result of Mr. Coles' inexorable discipline.

The symbol "nPr" on 107's blackboard will probably mean no more to you than to the class in there. In passing, we might mention that Miss Martin's board-tapping with her finger instead of the chalk, is undoubtedly a War Economy measure. In the next room you will hear Mr. Dendizabal snapping, "twenty-five to you, my lucky lad!" The boy will do the "push-ups" of course, with many questionings as to the appropriateness of the ad-

jective.

On the second floor you will pass Mr. Watson holding forth, and arriving at the office door will view Durance and Palmer parked at the detentioners' bench. In Room 207, Mr. Southcombe will be drilling his fifth-formers on the declension of puella, in readiness for the departmental, his class meanwhile vying with Miss McRoberts' first form boys to urge noise through the door between rooms, and losing by far. As you come to 210, Miss King and her "1:8 girls" will be singing in French, so just hurry up the stairs, and go down the third floor's west wing to see about the uproar in 314, too. A swift glance into the Biology room, 316, will reveal fifth-formers longing for a pencil sharpener, so that they may have something to do when Mr. Treitz' annoyance becomes rampant. Room 312 will present a second-former giving a speech to his classmates. Pitying all, you will be interested to pass on, and try to find the cause of the laughter of Mr. Langan's class. In the next room Miss Walker will be parading a new dress, and begging her class to see the subtle humour in the poem "Far, Far Away."

Miss McLaughlin in 308 will be explaining the difference between a Grecian door and a Roman door, in its appearance and uses. Toward the end of the hall, you will smell cooking from Miss Hallday's room. Don't let it prejudice you, but just leave quietly.

There are, as well, a few general warnings. Like the students, try to avoid the floor-walkers, in the persons of our principal and assistant-principal—it is good for the soul. If you hear a piercing bell, duck into the nearest handy open place—a locker, for instance. After all, it's no fun being treated like hay before a farmer's mower, when the forms change rooms. We might also add that it is useless to try to get a drink from the east third floor fountains. However, none of the others are guarded.

All together, we trust that you will enjoy your visit to the school.

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE

Ross prefers the shy girl,
the kind who shrinks from
kissing. That is why his girl
is nothing but skin and bone!

* * *

The school hears with interest that in discussing late autumn activities, Mr. O'Donohue has abandoned the phrase "duck shooting" in favour of the more appropriate "duck hunting."

* * *

Hearing that all must make sacrifices in this war, Mary Jane Ellis has decided to cut her class rations of bubble-gum in two. Best wishes, Mr. Dennis!

* * *

Due respect has been made to a certain one of the school clams, now that Mr. Treitz has admitted that it is about as old as he. We have even heard that Ethel Woods and Gertrude Stubbs have begun reasearch on the age of clams.

* * *

Mr. Dennis was seen walking around with a box of bicarbonate of soda. He certainly was determined to settle somebody's hash.

* * *

"It's the little things that tell" said Mabel as she dragged her kid brother from under the soft.

* * *

ORCHIDS TO—

Tech girls for their splendid work for overseas.

Our rugby champions — but yes.

All who helped to make our school show one of the best we've ever had.

Mrs. Maundrell for her kindness.

Mr. Langan for being such a nice guy.

Betty Foster 'cause she's cute. Bindle for her willingness to help.

The fellows who were good enough sports to dance the "Minuet" in Annual Antics.

Jane Beasley for everything in general.

Mr. O'Donohue for being the man behind the coach behind the team.

FLASH!—Only 189 shopping days till Xmas!

A draftee from the Amazon
Put nighties of his gramazon;
The reason's that
He's too fat
To put his own pyjamazon.

Wire to vacationing George Smith:

"Cut letters shorter. Can't spend all of my time reading them."

Next letter by son:

Dear Dad—
S.O.S. \$14.00
R.S.V.P.
George.

It was shocking,
It was scandalous,
We never heard the like.
We closed our eyes,
Plugged our ears,
Disconnected all the mikes.
We closed the doors,
Pulled the blinds,
The meals we never ate,
We shivered and we shook,
The thought of it—
Windy Bruner had a date!

Overheard at the "At Home"

Darling, what a stunning gown! Too bad they didn't have it in your size.

Wandering through the halls we pass a sweet young thing leaving the ball-room. "I think I'm losing my punch" she murmurs as she heads for the — nearest telephone booth!

"Why Paul, where's Peggy gone?"

In spite of gas rations a lot of local motorists are still fueling about.

CAMPUS CUT-UPS

The cadets took it wholeheartedly when Stubbs advised his platoon on the position of attention. "You stand with your heels together and toes thirty inches apart."

Editor's comment: But Sam, we can't all be Murphy's!

* * *

It has been suggested that it would be a novel idea to sponsor a bicycle race. Naturally Mr. Marcy would be judge since we all know of his great prowess in that field.

* * *

Two of our fair co-eds ('scuse me, one's a red-head) have taken to the noble art of roller skating to school. O.K. —but when they start roller skating up and down the halls —well, 'nuff said!

* * *

In chemistry class, Bob Andrew, learning the bleaching properties of SO₂, immediately wanted to know if it would make people peroxide blondes. The unseeing teacher admitted it would do it—even to Bob's hair. But of course, Bob just wanted to turn his girl friend from strawberry to peroxide.

Incidentally, w're all wondering what colour the teacher's hair was bleached from.

* * *

Stew Carson thinks more of Winston Churchill now. Mr. Mendizabal appointed him head of government in the Mechanics and Trigonometry classes.

S. C. I.

PET AVERSIONS

- 1—Mr. Cole's rubber heels.
- 2—Sorority pins on backs of sweaters.
- 3—Walking in file between periods.
- 4—Paying "rent" money for texts somebody else paid for years ago.
- 5—Boys' plaid shirts.

P O M E

Bill's girl is wild and swift,
My girl is slow;
Bill's girl wears naught but silk,
My girl wears calico.
Bill's girl is bad 'n' beautiful,
My girl is sweet and good;
Do you think I'd trade my girl for Bill's?
. . . . Well, you would, too!

THEME SONGS

Deep in the Heart of Taxes	The Canadian People
Ohm, Sweet Ohm	Mr. Dennis
How Long Did I Dream	Megan Jones
This Is No Laughing Matter	Algebra
Everything I Love	Holidays
I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire	Gertie Stubbs
Blues in the Night	Homework
Chattanooga Choo Choo	Corunna Bus
I Don't Want to Walk Without You	Mabel 'n' Dick
Day Dreaming	June Whitnell
I'll Pray for You	Boys Overseas
Bless Them All	First Formers
I Said No	Miss Walker
I'll Wait for You	Matric
Not a Care in the World	Jean Skinner

WE WONDER—

Why Rutherford does not go to London any more.
 Why Egan laughs at Mr. Trietz's pokes.
 Why Miss King likes Tubby Elliott.
 If Ted Galpin will ever come down to smail town talk.
 What Miss Walker would do without the McKinley's.
 Why Megan Wynne-Jones falls asleep in zoology.
 If Margaret McDonald would ever yell at anyone.
 What Mr. Marcy was doing walking around the halls with a girl's gym suit.
 What Mary Jones would do if she ever lost her little black book.
 If Mr. Asbury will ever break up all the little romances around the halls of this noble institution.

AIR-RAID PRECAUTIONS FOR S.C.I.

- 1—When an air-raid alarm is sounded on the campus you may be in any one of half a dozen places, as follows:
 - (a) In the locker room (mostly likely);
 - (b) In the halls (likely);
 - (c) In the office (our sympathies)
 - (d) In a class (unlikely);
 - (e) In a
- 2—If you are in a position designated as (a) above when an air-raid alarm sounds, you must sweep aside all ink bottles in use, all books and any knitting, and then dive into the mess.
- 3—If you are in a position designated as (b) above, when an air-raid alarm sounds, you must hide in the nearest locker until the all-clear sounds.
- 4—If you are in a position designated as (c) above, do not move. No bomb would have the nerve to enter such a place.
- 5—If you are in a position designated as (d) above, the nearest exit should be opened wide, so that all students can run like lightning, preferably trampling the teacher en route.
- 6—If you are in a position designated as (e) above, for your own good, hurry up!
- 7—General rules to be followed in all circumstances;
 - (a) Crowd around all fire-fighting equipment, such as hose outputs, sand boxes, etc., so as to hinder as much as possible the efforts of the fire-wardens.
 - (b) Any quantities of kerosene, gasoline or any inflammable substance handy should be thrown on all incendiary bombs. You can't put them out, so have some fun while you're at it.
 - (c) If a direct hit is scored by a high explosive bomb on part of your person, you have nothing to worry about, absolutely nothing!

(continued on next page)

WHAT THE

SCHOOL COULDN'T

DO WITHOUT

Mary Jamieson's smile.
 All the sororities.
 The boys' "witty sayings."
 Gallery steps.
 Miss Wilton's afternoon receptions.
 Announcements by the first formers.
 The orchestra.

Style the While—Ye Club N.W.E. certainly created quite a dither and what have you, on the morn they burst forth with their flashy club sweaters.

DO YOU KNOW—

Why Virginia Lang caught in a revolving door would be like an invention of the 19th century?—Spinning Ginny.

That some of our teachers have amazing foresight? We refer to the many years that the third floor water supply has been guarded.

Our school has a Roosevelt of its own now? Willie White is on his third term too!

That the first morning of Daylight Saving Time, some drowsy lad noticing the word "Yale" on the school door as he entered said, "Good Heavens! This is the farthest I've ever walked in my sleep!"

That the guy who introduced Laughlan McLean and Jean Kee aid: "Lock, this is Kee?"

George Smith? You have our sympathies.

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Susan Jones
 Resting beneath these polished stones;
 Her name was Brown instead of Jones,
 But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones
 And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones.

Joyce Shirley: Dad, what is your birthstone?

Mr. Shirley: My dear, I'm not quite sure, but I think it is the grindstone.

THE COLLEGIATE

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

(Continued from Preceding Page)

- (d) If you find an unexploded bomb, be sure to shake it well—the firing pin may be stuck. If nothing happens throw it into the furnace and watch it pop. The fire department doesn't have enough to do anyway.
 - (e) Before going into an air-raid shelter, eat large quantities of garlic, limburger cheese, etc., so as to ensure yourself a certain amount of comfort and room in the crowded shelter.
 - 1—In a bakery—grab some pie, cake, etc.
 - 2—In a tavern—grab a bottle.
 - 3—In a movie—grab a blonde.
 - 4—In a bathtub—submerge!
 - (f) If any air-raid warden (student or faculty) starts to tell you what to do, knock him down. They always save the best seats for themselves, anyway.
- 8—The Official air-raid shelter for the S.C.I. is the shooting gallery. Chesterfields will be installed and reservations are being taken by Carson and Murray for both seats and dates to go with them.

FIFTH FORM ALPHABET

A is for excellent, Jean Dobbins most rate it,
 B is for "Blarney," Tom Murphy dates it.
 C is for Cathrine, an orator true,
 D is for Dick, always laughing with you.
 E is for Ted G., always giving the razz,
 F is for Ferne, school spirit she has.
 G is for George, he's always good fun.
 H is for Helen, she's quick on the pun.
 I is for Ian, the basketball star,
 J is for Jones, Megan's cuter by far.
 K is for Kumsky, as smart as a whip,
 L is for Lorna, at jokes she's a "pip."
 M is for Mackinlay's, in fifth there are two,
 N is for Nora, her colour is blue.
 O's for Marg's middle name, we never will learn it,
 P's for Paul Mills, as for school he shunned it.
 Q is for questions at the teachers we poke,
 R is for Ross, he cuts quite a joke.
 S is for Stewart, Dorothea's the name,
 T is for Thompson, in studies she's game.
 U is for Us who by work are forlorn,
 V is for Vogue, by our co-eds reborn.
 W is for Wilcox, he says he was jilted,
 X marks the spot where the poor soul wilted.
 Y is for You, whom we're sorry we missed.
 Z is for Zamoic, last and best on the list.

A peach came walking down the street;
 She was more than passing fair;
 A smile, a nod, a half-closed eye,
 And the peach became a pair.

GASOLINE RATION

I cranka da car, bawt she won't run—
 These automobile she'sa sawn of a gawn;
 She'sa stop da middle of da street up town,
 I look in da carburetor but she no drown;
 I pusha da clutch, shakea da wheel,
 Knocka da brake, da horn I feel;
 I look in da tank—what I see? Yas!
 Sawn of a gawn! Ehe'sa outa da gas.

The difference between an Englishman and a Scotsman: When the former goes bald he spends money on hair restorer; when the latter goes bald he sells his brush and comb.

He who laughs last didn't get the joke in the first place.

* * *

Some of the Misguided think

1. That "faux pas" means "pass the forks."
2. That an oculist is a thing with long arms and tentacles.
3. A polygon is a dead parrot.
4. A brunette is a young bear.
5. Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah.
6. Chlorine is a dancer in a night club.
7. Copper is a man who guards fire escapes at girls' dormitories.
8. Barium is what you do to dead people.
9. Algebra was the wife of Euclid.
10. When you breathe you inspire, when you don't you expire!

MODEL BOY OF S.C.I. WOULD HAVE

Friendliness of Dick Kirby
 Smile of Stan Campbell
 Hair of Bill Pearson
 Eyes of Mouse Cote
 Personality of Mr. Rogin
 Physique of Ian Rutherford
 Clothes of Ed. Hueston
 Wittiness of Howard Hansen
 Dancing Ability of Patsy Parr
 Athletic Ability of Don Hamilton

MODEL GIRL OF S.C.I. WOULD HAVE

Friendliness of Die McIntyre
 Smile of Ruby Crawford
 Hair of Joyce McLellan
 Eyes of Megan Wynne-Jones
 Personality of Ferne Wilson
 Figure of Jean Dobbins
 Clothes of Belle Matheson
 Wittiness of Shirley Smith
 Dancing Ability of Mary Jane Ellis
 Athletic Ability of Kay Weir

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

After much listening at key-holes, snooping in waste-paper baskets, and even asking outright questions, this reporter has unearthed some amazing theories. Of course, when you consider where they come from, they really aren't amazing any more—just what was to be expected.

The thing uppermost in a great many students' minds (?) is, "Why haven't we got a Students' Council?" As each succeeding generation comes along it placidly asks itself this question, yet nobody seems to have done anything about it.

One pretty lass took the query very seriously, and went to great lengths to explain why she thought we should have one. "It would give us something to live up too (which we seem to need). There would be a constitution that we would all have to abide by—this would make for more school spirit and a greater feeling of co-operation." Then the thoughtful miss went on to explain that it would relieve the teachers of the task of administering punishments such as detentions—they all declare it hurts them more than us.

One learned scholar neatly proved his point by mentioning how successful the system has been in other halls of learning. Why not try it here?

Since we are now living in the days of government priorities and what not, the silk stocking situation has been thrust into the limelight. Happy am I to report that our fair co-eds favour an all-out (meaning the silk stockings, of course) effort in this respect. One petite brunette was heard to remark: "If wearing lisle stockings will help the war any, I'm all for them."

Another, without much foresight, answered: "Why worry about them now—it's spring, so just don't wear any." Next came the startling retort from a bright young commercialette: "What did we wear before silk was

invented?" Not knowing myself, we let the matter drop right there.

But keep up the good work gals! After all, it's just a little thing to give up compared to what our friends in England miss.

But to turn to a lighter and more delicate subject—we next asked certain of our budding geni: "What do you think of necking on a first date?"

A gay young blade from fifth was very definite. "Sure, why not? You have to start some time!" But another was equally definite—in the opposite direction—so we next asked a certain red-head. "Well, it all depends on who he is." An indignant glare was the only answer from our next interviewee, so that question, too, must remain for our successors to answer.

But there certainly is one thing that all the girls and most of the boys in the old S. C. I. & T. S. agree on—that is, that we ought to have more school dances put on jointly by the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Executives. "All the other schools have them, why can't we?" and "We have to do something on Friday nights, why not come here to dance—it'd be cheaper and a lot more fun."

A prominent member of the Girls' Athletic made one stipulation: "When the girls do help, they get a little credit and no cash, so why not join forces and then share the proceeds?" What do you say to that, boys?

As always, the old problem of homework again cropped up. Your reporter was simply swamped with replies to this one, from even the worst "mugwump"—that, in case you didn't know, is one who sits on the fence, so to speak, and can never decide which side to jump off.

One studious first former seriously remarked: "But where would we be without homework?" but her flippant companion sighed, "in heaven."

From a well known senior came the reply: "I think it's a waste of time to spend hours and hours over a chemistry problem. I'd never get it anyway, but I do think that a certain amount of homework

is necessary. We don't have time to do everything in school hours." A particularly brainy suggestion came in: "The teachers ought to just give us homework in certain subjects on certain nights. I don't see how they can possibly expect us to do half an hour homework on each of nine subjects every night—there are too many mental wrecks now!"

Thirty-five per cent of those asked returned the verdict "No homework!" "Down with homework!" and such slogans. But they all seem to do it—or do they?

To judge from the ambitious aspirations of certain of our pupils, many a prime minister, bishop, and general is going to call Sarnia "home." A large enough percentage of the boys niterrogated returned the answer, "Air Force," to make the S. C. I. & T. S. very proud of her sons. The army and navy too are going to receive their share. Certain members of the weaker (that's just what some people think) sex are agreed on this as well. To quote one Collegiate gal: "As soon as I'm nineteen, I'm going to join one of the women's divisions; even Mr. Marcy's given up hope for my algebra!"

From a blushing Tech maiden came the confession: "I want to get married, and have a little house with frilly curtains, and wear fussy aprons, and . . ." By this time she'd run out of breath, so we left her in a rosy glow, contemplating her exciting future.

If they stick to their word, doctors, teachers and ditch diggers are all going to grow out of this year's graduates.

We realize this still leaves a flood of questions unanswered, but maybe you have some idea by this time what the views and aims of this great student body are. If still curious, just sit in on a "spare" in 306, any time, any day, and listen to orations on anything from measles to weasels.

X. Y. Z.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub—
Crowded, wasn't it?

THE COLLEGIATE

NAME	ALIAS	CHIEF WEAKNESS	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
Jean Dobbins	Dobbie	Ushers	M.A.	14 kids	Fiave to wait 'til 10.
Doug Pole	Butch	A petite brunette	To graduate	Delivery boy	Ivy.
Diana McIntyre	Die	Lemon cakes	Pembroke	Pt. Edward	Oh Mose!
Jack Suhler	Red	Women	Imperial Oil Executive	Test-tube washer	Gussie
Ruby Crawford	Rube	The Navy	Opera	Rhythm band leader	Irmo.
Bill Pearson	Scotty	Bonner's	Dancing instructor	Dance Floor walker	And let me tell you.
Mabel 'n' Dick	Mabel 'n' Dick	Mabel 'n' Dick	Mabel 'n' Dick	Mabel 'n' Dick	Dick 'n' Mabel
Mr. Rogin	"Coach"	Basketball 'n' Rugby	More Wossa Championships	House-League	Certainly!
Kay Weir	Redd	6' 4" shooting ace	All round champ	Brownie Leader	M'gosh!
Doug McKinley	Mac	French	To be a pugilist	Mascot	Hoot Mon!
Ferne Wilson	Alexa	"Mademoiselle"	Western U.	Kindergarten	They do it down at Western.
Harry Parr	Potsy	Wine, women 'n song	Lacking	Harem	Geeee!
Gay Wanless	Gayless	Bankers	Pass in physics	49½	You just can't win.
Sam Subbs	Sammy	Homework	Theology	Voodoo	I only got 99.
Muriel Zink	Mu	Bubble gum	Very private Secretary	Wrigley girl	That's no lie!
Rene Murray	Murph	The "fellers"	R.C.A.F.	Captain of the Clouds	Hmmm!
Megan Wynne-Jones	Muggin'	Roller skating	A doctor	Doctor's wife	My glory!
Ian Rutherford	Rut	Loafing	Won't say	Hobo	Everythin's hale 'n hearty!

"Say, paw, you surely got me in bad with my teacher."

"What's the matter, son?"

"Remember last night I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the right answer."

Mr. Ritchie: "Now, what did you learn from that experiment?"

Average Student: "Those beakers cost 50c."

"I hear that you got thrown out of school for calling the Dean a fish."

"Naw, I didn't call him a fish. I just said to a passerby fast, 'That's our Dean'."

Hansen: Edra, would you—

Edra: Miss Woolley to you. Only my friends call me Edra.

Howard: All right, then. Miss Woolley, would you mind shifting to my right knee—my left one's asleep.

I wish I had a kangaroo, I wouldn't mind his prances, I'd have some place to put the things

My girl friend brings to dances.

One swallow can't make a summer but one grasshopper can make a spring.

Definition: A kiss is an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in a state of contraction.

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies, from dawn to dark
'Cause Noah didn't shoo the two
That roosted in the Ark.

* * * *

MISS X. PENSIVE

I knew a girl named Passion
I asked her out for a date;
I took her out to dinner—
Gosh! How passionate!

* * * *

There once lived a man with a gun
With a barrel as big as a bun—
One day on a hunt
He looked in the front—
Blew his head as high as the sun.

* * * *

What this school needs is a drinking fountain opposite the Assembly Hall on the third floor. The one at the west stairway isn't getting any use anyhow. How about it, Miss LaP. The Tech. studes are complaining of parched gullets.

* * * *

P.S.—Just heard the great news!!! Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Rogin.

* * * *

1, 2, button your shoe.
3, 4, do it once more.
Gee, that's tiresome!

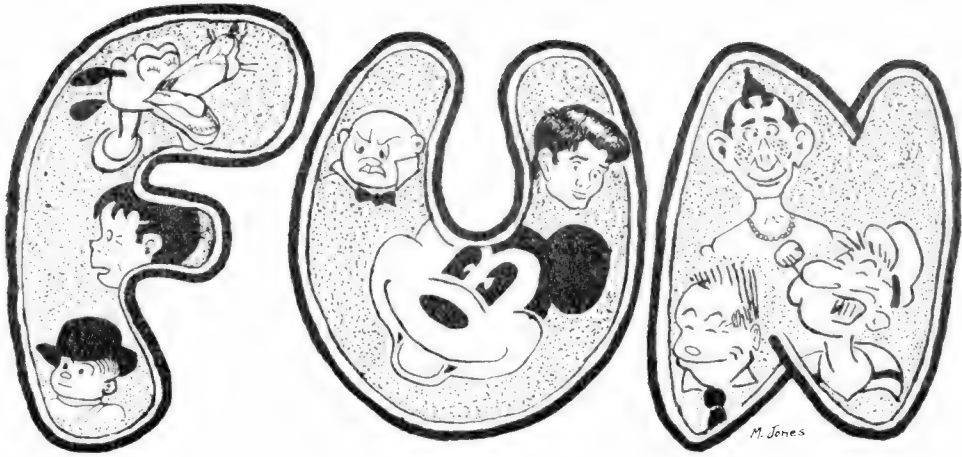
* * * *

A young Hindu was born in Bombay;
At six months the following did say
"Einstein is all wrong,
I will prove before long,
That Relativity's clear as the day.

* * * *

A donkey has two feet before,
And two behind.
But you have to be behind,
Before you find,
What the two behind
Be for.





Due to pressure from the local Hayes office, all jokes will be strictly clean.

* * * *

Cobina: Say, Brenda, have youse got water on the knee?

Brenda: No, Cobina. Whatever made you think that?

C.: Well, you're wearing pumps.

* * * *

As White passes Jamieson's store on the way to school each morning—

Paper Boy: Morning Herald?

Harold: Mornin' Bud!

* * * *

Fred Newton: What do you suppose that miserable barber said when he shaved me?"

Bill Dawson: "I don't know."

Freddie: He said it reminded him of a game he used to play when a boy, called "Hunt the Hare."

* * * *

Overheard by a passerby as he tore past the huddle at a girl's locker:

"Him? Ugh! He's got a face that only a mother could love and sometimes she feels herself slipping a little!"

* * * *

Miss Halliday: Well, did you sweep the floor yet?

1st Former: No.

Miss H.: No—what?

1st Former: No broom.

* * * *

"I am delighted to meet you," said Higgins' father, shaking hands with Mr. Treitz. "My son takes chemistry under you, you know."

Mr. T.: Pardon me, he is exposed to it but he doesn't take it!

* * * *

What is the best way to raise cabbage?

With a knife and fork.

* * * *

Mr. Graham: Why is a pancake like the sun?

Mr. Langan: Don't know, I'm sure.

Mr. G.: Because it rises in the yeast and sets behind the vest.

"The drinks are on me," said the Scotsman as he was run over by the brewery truck.

* * * *

June, after another of those week-ends, sighs: "Love is gland!" Corny but correct.

* * * *

Manager: What? You come into my famous restaurant, drink a glass of water and then walk out calmly?

Doug. McK.: Hoot mon! Did ye expect me to stagger out?

* * * *

Potsy: I met the swellest girl down south.

Mouse: Jamaica?

* * * *

And Joyce Shirley is asking for an explanation of this news item:

"Germany wants to buy some of our glass-bottomed boats at Catalina so that Hitler can review his fleet."

* * * *

A polite motorist, passing through ye old Point Edward, asked friend Egan:

"What is the speed law here?"

Egan: "An't got none. You fellers can't get through any too fast for us."

* * * *

Recruiting Officer: Young man, what nationality are you?

Murray: Half Scotch, sir.

R.O.: And the other half?

Murph: Soda!

* * * *

Junkman (calling at residence): Any old rags, bones, or iron?

Hueston: I'm just a college boy.

Junkman: Sorry sir—any bottles?

* * * *

He (name on request): May I kiss your hand, darling?

Ferne: What's the matter—is my mouth dirty?

* * * *

"We'll have to rehearse that" said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

* * * *

Do you love me dearest?

You know I do, Bob.

Bob? My name's Jim.

Oh, of course! I keep thinking today is Monday!

* * * *

Lady: I want a box of powder, please.

Fresh Clerk: You mean the kind that goes off with a bang?

Lady: No, clever one, the kind that goes on with a puff.

* * * *

Gay: Say, what happened to Archie Campbell?

Di: He was kicked out of school for cheating.

Gay: How come?

Di: He was caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam!

* * * *

Pretty spiff, Stew! New girl?

Nope! The old one repainted.

* * * *

"Red" Suhler: Hello, mum. Guess who just got kicked out of chemistry?

THE COLLEGIATE

Motorcycle Cop (after waving car to side of road): Do you remember the last time I stopped you?

Ferne Wilson: Yes. This time I think I'll take the ticket.

* * * *

Mr. Marcy (trying to impress a lesson): Well Haley, what have I kept you in for?

Haley: Huh! You keep me in for half an hour and then don't even know why you did it.

* * * *

Judge: What brought you here, young man?

Murray: Two policemen brought me, sir.

Judge: Drunk, I suppose?

Murray: Yes sir, both of them.

* * * *

Wyseman: Give me a yard of milk, please.

Clerk (scratches head, then dips finger in a bottle and draws it across the counter): There you are, sir.

Doug: O.K.—wrap it up.

* * * *

Leo: Which do you like best—the sentimental type of boys who want to neck, or the other kind?

She: What other kind?

* * * *

Mr. Treitz: Give an example of heredity.

Wilson: Well, if your grandfather didn't have any children, probably your father didn't either, and you likely won't have any.

* * * *

Mr. Treitz: What do we raise mostly in damp climates? (The class stared back blankly.)

Mr. T.: Come, come, what do you think?

Murphy (thinking overtime): Umbrellas!

* * * *

Stan Campbell: What are you doing Saturday night?

Leo McLean: Nothing.

Stan: Well, may I borrow your soap?

* * * *

Scene in crowded assembly—

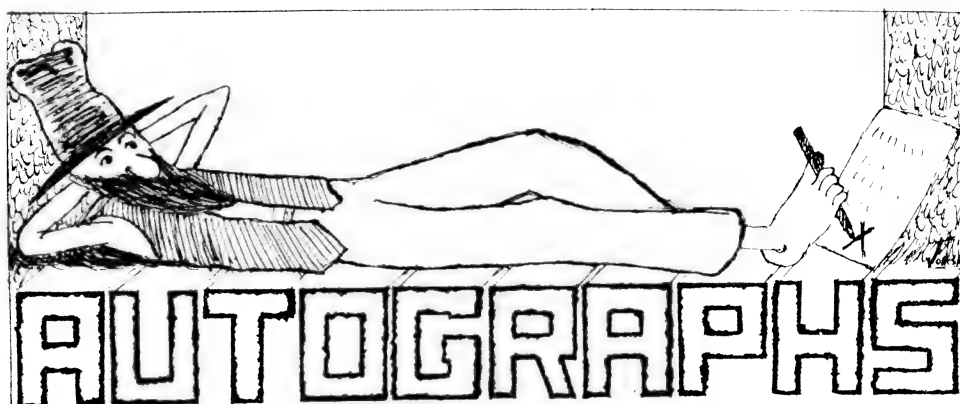
Mr. Coles: Is there any room up there?

Carl Clements: Room for one girl. Someone else can hold my books!



"THIS IS THE END"

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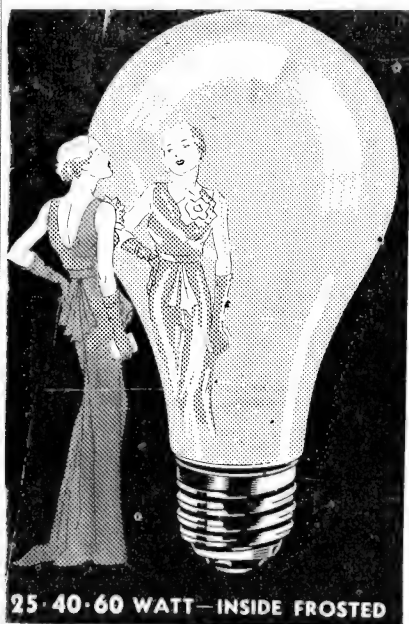
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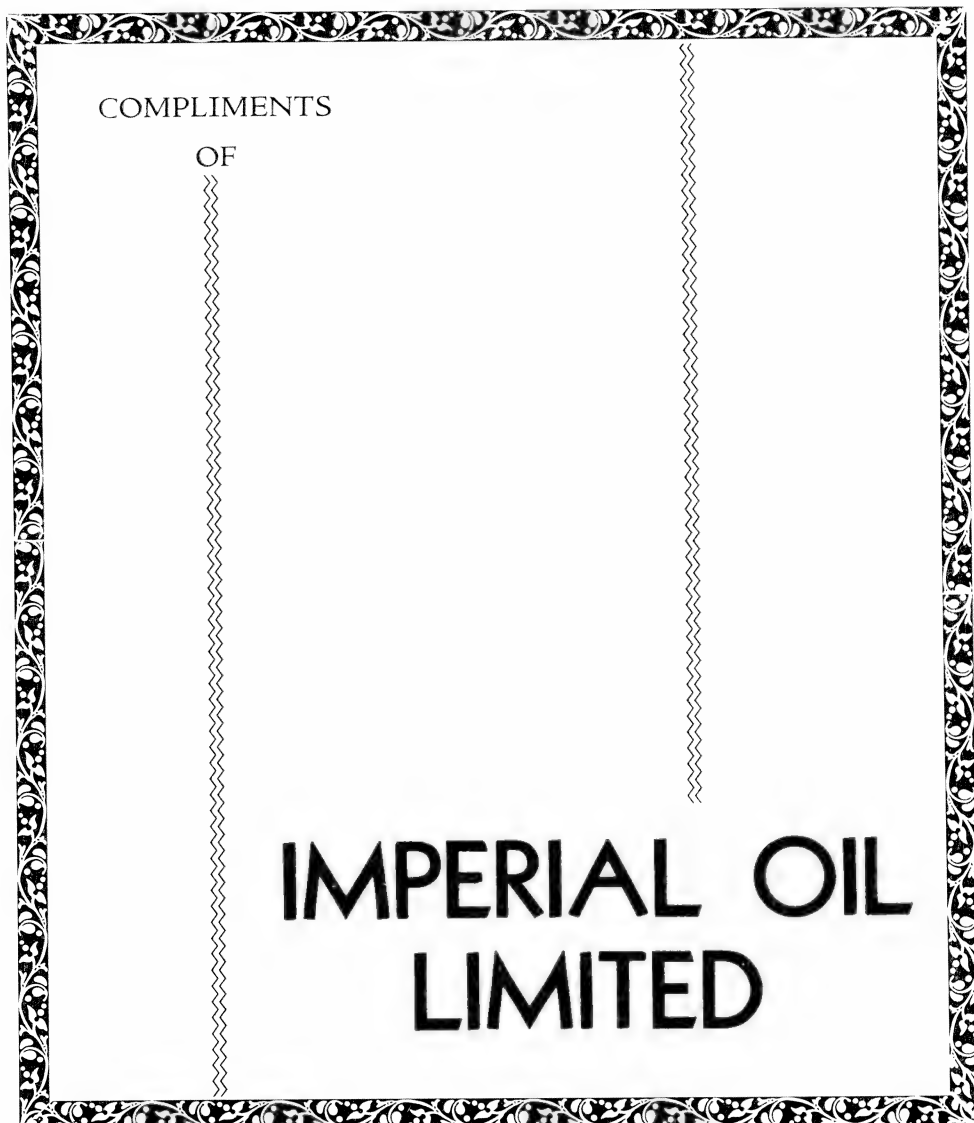
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Miss Harris: What are the races that dominated England since the Romans?
B. Wilcox: The Derby and the Grand National.

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Are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of greeting the 1942 "Collegiate" Magazine Staff and also all the readers of this publication.

TO THE EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF

they extend hearty congratulations on the successful issue of this excellent school magazine.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE S. C. I. & T. S.

they express sincere interest in their welfare and best wishes for success in the year's work.

TO THE TEACHING STAFF

they desire to extend an expression of confidence and appreciation.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC

they wish to point out the facilities for day and evening class instruction provided by the Collegiate and Technical School. Day classes in academic, commercial and technical courses are open to all girls and boys of Sarnia and vicinity who are able and willing to undertake the work. Evening classes at nominal cost are available in many vocational subjects. The Board has also provided facilities during the past year and a half for War Emergency Classes conducted under the Dominion-Provincial War Emergency Training Programme.

Detailed announcement regarding next season's classes should be looked for in September.

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at Reasonable Prices

LOCHIEL ST. PHONE 2

MUELLER LIMITED

Craftsmen in Brass



SARNIA

CANADA

Mrs. Jones: I'm afraid this lobster is going to disagree with me.

Mr. Jones: Impossible! It wouldn't dare.

OLD . . . YET TRULY MODERN

Old in years of service . . . ever modern in trend of thought, Brigden's Limited has long been identified with the highest standards of the Printing Art.

Here, under the one roof, advertisers are offered a complete service—from plan to finished product; for here are gathered

specialists in creative advertising, coupled with the very latest in modern equipment.

If you have a sales or merchandising problem you are anxious to solve, the experience and knowledge of this modern organization will be of extreme value to you.

BRIGDEN'S LIMITED

RICHMOND ST. AT UNIVERSITY AVE. TORONTO

ARTISTS — ENGRAVERS — PRINTERS — PHOTOGRAPHERS — OFFSET
LITHOGRAPHY — SILK SCREEN PROCESS — MERCHANDISE DISPLAYS
— DIRECT MAIL ADVERTISING —

**TAYLOR'S
FURNITURE STORE**

Furniture - Rugs - Radios
Lamps - House Furnishings

140 N. Christina St. Phone 1511

Compliments of

Victoria Ladies' Shop

143 Lochiel Street

Sarnia

Ontario

**INGERSOLL'S
DRUG STORE**

Headquarters for
BARBARA GOULD AND
BELCANO TOILETRIES

**DRUGS AND
PRESCRIPTIONS**

**INGERSOLL'S
DRUG STORE**
Phone 66 We Deliver

Miss Burriss: Oh, you know I've the figure of a young girl.

Mrs. Leak: Better give it back to her—you're stretching it all out of shape.

OUR FUTURE

Today we are depending for the life of our Empire upon the students of a few years ago . . . Already the supreme sacrifice has been paid by many from your school . . and many of the present students will find their course of duty follows the same road.

When peace and victory arrive may we be worthy of their courage . . . and help them adjust the world to the better conditions that they are fighting to obtain.

THE R. STIRRETT CO.

For Young Men's and Boys'
 Wearing Apparel
SWARTZ
ECONOMY STORE
 "First in Style, Best in Quality"
 167 Lochiel Phone 3109

COMPLIMENTS
 OF
W. L. SMITH
 C.P.A.

"FRED" POLLARD — TAILORING
 MADE-TO-MEASURE SUITS FROM \$28.00
 For Expert Alterations, Repair, etc., See Us.
 185 N. FRONT STREET SARNIA

Compliments
 of
L. N. PHIPPEN'S
 LTD.

FOR SPORTSWEAR . . .
 Visit the Helen's Sports Dept.
 Where you'll find the Smartest Selection of Skirts, Blouses, Slacks, Slack Suits, Jackets, Peasant Broom Stick Skirts, and a complete line of Beach Wear.
THE HELEN'S LADIES' & KIDDIES' SHOP
 140 Lochiel St. Logan Block

Doctor: You have acute appendicitis.
 Lena Y.: Nothing else cute about me, you old flatterer?

"Your Friendly Furniture Store Since 1916"
LAMPEL & ZIERLER
 Phone 991 153 N. Front Street

MITTON STREET HARDWARE
 "The Store with the Stock"
 General Hardware — Paints and Oils We Deliver — Phone 1822

GIVE! — — To Relieve Human Suffering !
THE CANADIAN RED CROSS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	Page		Page
Alma College	3	McFee's Garage	88
Bank of Montreal	8	McGibbon's Drugs	104
Bank of Toronto	9	Mills, Fred	88
Barron's Flower Shop	98	Mueller Ltd.	104
Barge's	99	National Billiards	90
Berger's Clothing	91	Neilson's	Back Cover
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie	2	Newton, J. F. & J.	11
Bond Clothes	99	Odeon Theatre	10
Brigden's Ltd.	105	Park Theatre	12
British Clothing Store	5	Phillips Funeral Home	2
Brown & Urquhart	103	Phippen's, L. N.	107
Bruce Nut Shop	7	Pollard, F.	107
Canadian Bank of Commerce	99	Pole, Willard	91
Canada Bread Co.	90	Professional Directory	100
Canadian Observer	2	Purity Dairy	89
Canadian Printing Co.	6	Queen's University	101
Capitol Theatre	98	Randolph's	91
Chambers Electric	97	Red & White Stores	8
Chapman Co.	101	Robb, D. J.	103
Chew's	11	Rose, A.	104
Clarke's China	103	Rotary Club	95
Clark Coal Co.	97	Royal Bank of Canada	91
Clayton Thomson	90	Sarnia Board of Education	96
Doherty Mfg. Co.	89	Sarnia Bridge Co.	Back Cover
Dominion Bank	11	Sarnia Bus Co.	94
Dominion Salt	Back Cover	Sarnia Business College	102
Dustbane Products	98	Sarnia, City of	1
Ellenor's	90	Sarnia City Dairy	98
Family Laundry Ltd.	11	Sarnia Hardware	97
Ferguson-Brodie	104	Sarnia Elevator Co.	102
Fraser's Meat Market	8	Sarnia Soda Water Works	9
Galbraith, Fred	9	Sarnia Sport Shop	11
Georgian Shoppe	88	Scott, J. W.	99
Glynn, C. R.	5	Silverwood's Dairy	Front Cover
Goodison's	92	Smallman & Ingram Ltd.	6
Grant's Gift Shop	97	Smith, W. L.	107
Griffith Shop	90	Sole, the Druggist	9
Helen's Ladies' Shop	107	Stephenson's Market	103
Holmes Foundry	104	Stewart Funeral Home	7
Hydro Shop	88	Stirrett, R.	106
Imperial Oil Ltd.	93	Storey, G. W.	9
Imperial Theatre	95	Superior Products	89
Industrial Mortgage & Trust Co.	4	Swartz Economy Store	107
Ingersoll's Drug Store	106	Tartan Sweets	91
Junior Frock Shop	89	Taylor's Clothes Shop	99
Karn's	93	Taylor's Furniture	106
Kennedy, G. A.	12	Trophy-Craft Ltd.	4
Kilbreath Studio	90	Union Gas Co.	92
Koehler, W. S.	88	United Service	4
Laidlaw, Belton Lumber Co. Ltd.	10	University of Toronto	7
Lambton Motors	97	University of Western Ontario	3
Lawrence Lumber Co.	7	Vendome Hotel	95
Lampel & Zierler	107	Victoria College	5
Lehman's Cartage	92	Victoria Ladies' Shop	106
Lewis	8	Walker Bros.	Front Cover
Mack's Restaurant	103	Walker Stores Ltd.	98
Mackenzie, Milne & Co. Ltd.	7	Watson, Harry	3
Macklin's	104	Waters, A. W.	5
Maher Shoe Store	2	Western Fur	89
Manley's	10	Wilson's Music Store	97
Manore's	99	Wilson's Radio Shop	99
McPhillips, Ltd.	12	Wolf Bros.	12
McClellan's Dairy Bar	102	Wonder Bakers	12

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The Dominion Salt Co.

— MAKERS OF —

The Famous Sifto Salt

SARNIA

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ONTARIO

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OF

**SARNIA BRIDGE
CO., LIMITED
SARNIA • CANADA**

Enjoy the Best



*Delicious
Appetizing
Nourishing*

Neilson's